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No. 36998

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1958.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

FEDERATION

THE three British Borneo territories lie only a few hundred miles away from Hongkong yet little is known of the area or its activities.

But last month the Governor of Sarawak suggested a plan for federation of the three territories.

Federations these days are being encouraged by the United Kingdom Government as a means of welding smaller countries into larger units within the framework of the British Commonwealth.

Reactions, taken from members of the various religions and races inhabiting the area, are extremely favourable, but all urge caution and full examination of the project.

That caution should be exerted is logical as there are many pitfalls along the road to any federation of states, but Borneo has only to look towards Malaya to see the success of such a venture.

Malaya was fortunate in having Tengku Abdul Rahman to lead the way to towards unity and it was he who told his people to make haste slowly.

On the other hand, while making haste slowly, it is necessary to keep the ultimate object in sight. Federation, for federation's sake is meaningless, the object of federation is the advantage it brings to the public in general.

The question now is, what advantages fall to the people of Borneo?

First there is the greater stability arising from strength in unity which should affect both directly and indirectly the economic life of the people, securing a reign of prosperity and a rise in the standard of living.

At the present moment, the unco-ordinated system of marketing the produce of Sarawak does not permit the producer to exert the influence he should enjoy in the world markets, if he were a member of a pan-Borneo policy.

A second advantage which would arise from federation is that a defence policy, based upon union, would deter any potential marauder whose eyes are attracted by the rich economic potentials.

It is hoped that no selfish considerations shall prevent federation, for only in that manner can pan-Borneo achieve and realise its highest aspirations.

ALLEGATIONS AGAINST DUTCH

Secretly Supporting Revolutionaries In Central Sumatra

Tokyo, Mar. 15.

Indonesian "Foreign Ministry quarters" charged on Friday that the Dutch Government is secretly supporting the revolutionary government in Central Sumatra, it was reported today.

The Antara news agency, in a broadcast monitored in Tokyo, said "Indonesian Foreign Ministry quarters... disclosed that the Dutch Government is secretly supporting the Padang rebels under Sjafruddin Prawiramegara et al."

The agency said the sources report that "it was known to the Indonesian Government that several Dutch Embassies abroad have disseminated and translated Prewiramegara's open letter to President Soekarno recently."

Antara said that in this letter the rebel Prime Minister had denounced the Central Government and its policies.

The sources asserted, the agency said, "that the Dutch Government seemed to apply all sorts of methods to help propagate the rebels' cause secretly."

Meddling

The agency also said that the Foreign Ministry sources noted that a Dutch newspaper, the Elsevier, in an article evaluating the Indonesian situation said that "any overt or official meddling would be 'worse than harmful' but that the same newspaper added 'of course we need not hide our sympathy for Padang'."

The source said that "in the light of these facts, it is no wonder that the rebels' representative in Europe, Anton Pieter Makalita had thanked the

Dutch Government for the capture of the Kassimbar by the Dutch warship Drenthe."

The Kassimbar is a ship which belonged to the Dutch KPM shipping line which was taken over by the Indonesians but then seized last month by the Dutch submarine chaser Drenthe which took it to West New Guinea.—United Press.

SHIPPING IN BAD WAY

Cardiff, Mar. 14.

More than 140 ships were laid up at present in British ports because they had no work, Mr R. D. Kopner, President of the United Kingdom Chamber of Shipping, said here tonight.

It was difficult today even to make the most modest tramp ship show a profit, he told a meeting. The same could be said of tankers while liners and coasters were also feeling the pinch through lack of cargoes.

The fall in the freight market was "staggering and unprecedented," he said. Depressed foreign markets and laid-up tonnage inevitably led to suggestions for measures of mutual co-operation, Mr Kopner added.

The Chamber was considering this and it would play its part if and when a co-operative scheme became the general wish of the industry.—Reuter.

US Hugging Secrets

Birmingham, Mar. 14.

The British Minister of Supply, Mr Aubrey Jones, tonight called for a greater sharing of secrets and pooling of resources between America and Britain.

Defending the Government's nuclear deterrent policy, he told a meeting here that "the Americans were tending to 'hug certain secrets very tightly to themselves'."

An alliance "dominated by one major partner, keeping vital up-to-date military knowledge to himself is not likely to remain a healthy alliance," he said.—Reuter.

GAILLARD UNDER PRESSURE

Paris, Mar. 14.

Premier Felix Gaillard decided tonight to keep Maurice Bourges-Maunoury as his Interior Minister despite growing political pressure for the Minister's resignation.

M. Bourges-Maunoury was under heavy fire for the alleged "lack of firmness" he showed yesterday when 2,000 Paris police staged a near-riot in front of the National Assembly to back their demands for a risk bonus.

Observers felt that retaining M. Bourges-Maunoury in the Cabinet might seriously handicap the Premier in next Tuesday's confidence test in the Assembly.

Technically the vote will be on constitutional reform, but the police demonstration profoundly shocked many French Deputies and will play a major role in the vote, many observers thought.

MEETING

A special Cabinet meeting called tonight by M. Gaillard accepted the resignation of the Paris Prefect of Police and put a new man, Maurice Papon, in the job.

The Secretary of State for Information, Emile Claparde, announced that the Cabinet had also decided to punish the "authors responsible for yesterday's disorders." But he did not specify who would be punished or how.—United Press.

KKK HEAD GAOLED

Lumberton, S.C., Mar. 14.

A court sentenced Ku Klux Klan "Grand Wizard" James W. Cole to 10 to 24 months in gaol today for inciting to riot.

KKK "Titan", James Garland Barlin, was sentenced to a six to 12 months' prison term by the same court.

The two leaders of the racist organisation were tried on charges growing out of a riot which exploded when the KKK held an open meeting without permission in a predominantly Indian neighbourhood last January.—France-Press.

Flying Area Modification

Singapore, Mar. 14.

Minister of Communications and Works Francis Thomas announced today that the Indonesian Government has agreed to modify the prohibited flying area south of Singapore.

He said that as a result of discussions in Jakarta, flight of civil aircraft between the two cities will be facilitated, although a "substantial detour" from regular routes will still be necessary.

He said Indonesia had expressed the hope that the prohibition can be withdrawn in a few days.—United Press.

Mediation Efforts Make Progress

Tunis, Mar. 14.

Anglo-American mediation efforts in the French-Tunisian crisis were resumed again today and a top Tunisian official declared "some progress" had been made.

BRITAIN BLASTS MOSCOW

London, Mar. 14.

Britain today sharply criticised the Soviet Union for distortion and breaking confidence when it charged that the Western powers were trying to sidetrack a "summit" conference by resuming disarmament negotiations through UN channels.

The sharply-worded Foreign Office statement was a reply to an official statement issued in Moscow today.

A Foreign Office spokesman added, "It is regrettable that the Soviet Union should have issued so distorted a statement."

The spokesman added that the idea was explained to the Russians in confidence several days ago and it is unfortunate that they should have chosen to react in this unhelpful manner. "It is true that the Western Powers were the Security Council if the Russians remained unwilling to attend a meeting of the Disarmament Commission," the statement said.

"But the intention was that the Council would be summoned only to give their approval for the prosecution of the disarmament negotiations through other channels — including, of course, a possible summit meeting."

"In this way, the responsibility of the UN in the matter of disarmament would be maintained."—United Press.

Macmillan Influences US Policy

London, Mar. 14.

Mr Harold Macmillan, the British Prime Minister, said here today that he influenced American foreign policy more than appears on the surface.

"Because I do not publish every telegram and every conversation, it does not mean that British diplomacy is not as active today, and perhaps as effective, as ever in its history," he said.

The Prime Minister was speaking at the annual meeting of the Central Council of Conservative and Unionist Associations.—Reuter.

US Deputy Under-Secretary of State Robert Murphy and his British counterpart Harold Bealey lunched at the American Embassy today with two Tunisian government leaders.

The Tunisians were Behi Ladgham, Secretary of State to the Presidency, and Sadok Mokadem, Secretary of State of Foreign Affairs. Both are President Habib Bourguiba's top aides.

This was the first time Murphy and Bealey had conferred with any Tunisians since last Thursday night. This had led to rumours that a statement in the "good offices" talks was fast developing.

After the meeting Ladgham told reporters that "the conversations continue to be useful. There was some progress. We will meet again tomorrow."

Pessimism

Mokadem said he did not believe there would be another meeting between Bourguiba, Murphy and Bealey.

There was a growing sense of pessimism in the capital about the outcome of the talks. No date has been set for the departure of either Bealey or Murphy, and there has been no official statement by either side that an end to the Franco-Tunisian crisis is in sight.

Observers believe the crucial date is March 20, next Thursday, which is the third anniversary of Tunisian independence from France. Bourguiba is expected to make an important policy statement then and he hinted yesterday he might have to reshape his country's attachment to the West.—United Press and France-Press.

Plantations Should Not Be Cut Up

Singapore, Mar. 14.

Malayan plantation workers believe the cutting up of estates will mean bigger inroads by Communist-terrorists.

The President of the All-Malaya Estates Staff Union, Mr Yoon Guan Leong, said today he proposed to warn employers and the Government about this.

"Remote areas fringed by jungle, when subdivided and occupied by new owners in squatter fashion, can adversely affect the emergency," Mr Yoon said.

"Strong points and armed posts get erased, terrorist access to unprotected small holders is facilitated, and terrorist supply bases and recuperation centres become established."

"Only properly-capitalised estates can open up the interior jungles, build access roads, maintain armed posts, and afford health measures," Mr Yoon said.—Reuter.

NUCLEAR TESTS MUST CONTINUE

Washington, Mar. 14.

Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard F. Libby says the United States must continue nuclear tests or abandon hope of perfecting intercontinental missile warheads and "small clean" atomic bombs.

But even if fool-proof agreement could be reached for banning military nuclear tests he said, the world "absolutely cannot afford" to prohibit development of atomic explosives for peaceful purposes.

Dr Libby made these points in testimony, just released, before the Senate Disarmament Sub-Committee. He revealed that:

★ The United States has not yet tested a nuclear warhead for an intercontinental ballistic missile. (Some scientists believe three Soviet tests in the Arctic last month were of missile warheads. This country is expected to test actual warheads in the Pacific tests starting next month.)

LONG WAY

★ Though the US has greatly reduced the radioactivity of its big H-bombs, it still has a long way to go before it can perfect the small clean weapons which could be used in limited warfare without contaminating the earth's atmosphere.

"It is my deep conviction," Libby said, "that we must have clean weapons in our stockpile in large numbers."

Libby agreed with recent statements by Dr Edward Teller of the Atomic Energy Commission's Livermore, Calif., Bomb Laboratory that Russia theoretically could cheat on a test ban agreement, even assuming an inspection system. This could be done, according to Teller, by exploding weapons far underground.—United Press.

GOAT ON RAMPAGE

Melbourne, Mar. 14.

"Billy"—a goat out to make mischief—went on the rampage for two hours at a crowded suburban railway station here today.

He butted city-bound office workers, romped between railway tracks during peak traffic, "roiled" a greengrocer's shop and was eventually trapped by two council employees, tied to a tree and treated to a breakfast of bananas.

Curious early morning passengers had crowded around Billy on the station — and were sorry.

Billy lowered his nine-inch horns to the platform, charged—then stood triumphantly among a heap of hastily dropped kitbags and out lunches.

Billy dropped to the tracks, and there, the trouble really started.

Trains were due in, and others due out with the first of the morning's peak period.

But Billy casually romped on the main lines and munched on the spare weeds between the sleepers.

Several people tried to tether Billy and got a butt in the seat of their pants for their efforts.—China Mail Special.

BELLIGERENT RIGHTS NOT RECOGNISED

London, Mar. 14.

The Foreign Office spokesman said today that Britain does not plan to recognise the right of belligerency of the Indonesian rebels.

American Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, had said at a press conference in Manila that the State Department legal experts are studying the question.

The Foreign Office spokesman said that Britain did not recognise the belligerent status of either of the two parties in the conflict.

Recognition of such a status would imply the right of belligerents to halt foreign ships and to take other wartime control steps.—France-Press.

S&C TUNING HEAD



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THE SUPPLIERS OF THE FAMOUS SHERRIES "BRISTOL MILK" AND "BRISTOL CREAM"

Sole Agents:

GALDBECK'S

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

No nerves, no heart—
not a man, but a gun!

SHORT CUT TO HELL

ROBERT IVERS
GEORGE JOHNSON

Produced by A. C. Lyles. Directed by
James Cagney. Screenplay by Ted Berkman and
Raymond Elton. Based on a Screenplay by
W. R. Burnett. From a Novel by Stephen Vincent
Benét.



EXTRA MORNING SHOWS TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.00 a.m. PRINCESS
Walt Disney's "LADY & THE TRAMP" Technicolor Cartoon
Variety Programme
"TOM & JERRY" by M-G-M

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50
KING'S at 12.20 p.m. PRINCESS at 12.30 p.m.
Maggiorani & Staiola in "BICYCLE THIEVES" English Subtitles
Acclaimed Best Film
Victor Mature in "ZARAK" CinemaScope & Technicolor
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
FINAL TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



To-morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
JOHN WAYNE in
"SANDS OF IWO JIMA"



TO-MORROW
LEE J. COBB & GIA SCALA
"THE GARMENT JUNGLE"

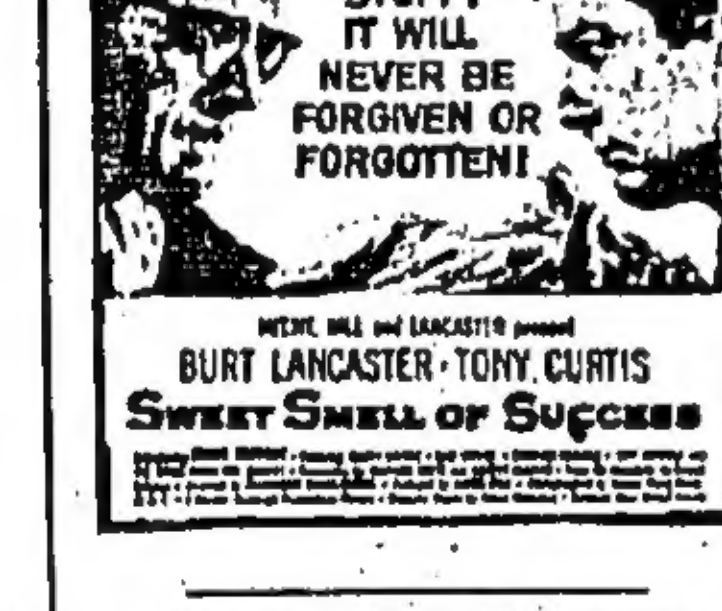
ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE TREMENDOUS STORY
THAT ENDS THE BONDS OF
CONVENTION!



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"MAN OF THE MOMENT"



Morning Show To-morrow
"STAR IN THE DUST" (In Technicolor)

THE MASQUERS

UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG

present
AS YOU LIKE IT
by William Shakespeare
at LOKE YEW HALL

Thursday, March 20th at 7.30 p.m.
Friday, March 21st at 7.30 p.m.
Saturday, March 22nd at 8.30 p.m.
Sunday, March 23rd at 7.30 p.m.
Monday, March 24th at 8.30 p.m.

Prologue by Edmund Blunden
Sets and Costumes by Douglas Bland
Music arranged and conducted by Solomon Bard
Produced by Alec M. Hardie
Bookings at Moutries
\$10.00 \$6.50 \$4.50
Special Bookings for Schools

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

THIS is one of those weeks. Last week, I had to invade page three to get my copy into the paper at all, this week, we have only two new films to look at. On the other hand, I'm left with a little space to discuss an idea that might appeal to you. It arose out of a talk I had with Mr. B. How, while crossing the ferry, and it struck me as being worth while passing on.

Mr How asked why we have no film society in Hongkong, and then sent on to me the data connected with the formation of a Society. Should the idea appeal to readers of this column, there are one or two tips I should like to make before you go into action.

Should a meeting be called to form a film society, go along with some concrete suggestions. I don't know why it is, but Hongkong is the windiest place I've come across when it gets down to jawing about a suggested project.

Ten years ago I was in a free fight because someone wanted to serve films in the restaurant. The fact that the club had no premises, and still has no premises was beside the point.

We spent hours arguing about that non-existent restaurant in a non-existent building. The point of which is, don't bore your prospective club members with abstract proposals.

The first thing to decide is, where are you going to hold your film shows and discussions? There are several halls which might be available. I should suggest that should any be prepared to go along with this idea, you should settle that question first.

Next, state the terms of your membership plainly, do not leave it to be understood that you are international in character, say so very clearly in the press. This point is very necessary.

Be careful about selecting your committee, see that it is representative and not dominated by any section of the community. For your secretary, get someone who is really hard-working, and not just one of these "flash-in-the-pan" people.

Here is the way you should go to work. First of all, let it be understood that a film society is not an expensive thing to run. I should imagine that a subscription of something like \$10 a year should be sufficient, plus a small contribution for every film attended.

Film Distributors will supply film societies overseas, for instance, Gaumont British, M.G.M., Columbia, Films de France, and Contemporary. You work with 16-millimetre film, and a small audience will easily recover the cost of film hire and air-freight. At first, it might be better to hire a projector, and

later, when in funds, to buy one right out.

The question might arise, would there be any opposition from the commercial cinemas? I do not think so. The kind of films a film society wants to see are not the kind that appeal to the ordinary film-going public. On the other hand, a film society builds up an audience who appreciate "Metro" cinema, so I should imagine that such a society would receive aid from the commercial cinemas.

Mr How mentioned to me the name of people he has met who deplore that the great films often pass us by. That is true because we have no public for really great cinema, and one or two exhibitors have had disastrous weekends, trying to show a film out of the ordinary running.

Hongkong is excellently served by the commercial cinema, so I imagine it is the cinema-society's film that the suggested film society should concentrate on. That being the case, the secretary should be instructed to write to the manager of the British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell Street, London, W.C., and ask for a list of 16-millimetre films for hire.

I have worked with these people, and as far as I remember, I was able to obtain through them a print of every great film that has been made. For instance, "Intolerance," "The Italian Straw Hat," "The Battleship Potemkin," "The Blue Angel," and numerous others.

A further source of information is "The Year's 16-millimetre Films," published by Current Affairs, 74, Brompton Road, London, S.W., which gives a list of the distributors.

I have told you enough if anyone is sufficiently keen. There are many people who are anxious

to see this kind of thing going. Well, make a start and don't waste time talking. I should like to thank Mr. B. How for the address and other information he sent me on the subject.

★ ★ ★

"SLAUGHTER on 10th Ave." now showing at the Star and Metropole, is another bullet-studded excursion into the jungle of underworld trade union politics.

While not made with the intense characterisation of "On the Waterfront" it is, nonetheless, a vivid portrayal of gangster ruthlessness which can exist, in my own opinion, only because authority in some manner, or at some level, is involved in the dirty business.

For instance, the film itself suggests that the unwillingness of dock workers to co-operate with law and order is because the latter never thrashes out a case thoroughly, and leaves such members of the dock community who are willing to face up to the racketeer, more at his mercy than ever.

As Universal-International has it, "Slaughter on 10th Ave" claims to be a factual re-enactment of a planned killing and successful prosecution of a professional murderer in the history of Manhattan's waterfront warfare.

Richard Egan takes over the role of a true blue, crusading deputy District Attorney. As you can guess, his task is the more difficult because no one will talk. If the said crusading deputy District Attorney type exists, then Richard Egan gives a fine performance of that type as we would imagine it.

Courageous, audacious, he fights on the waterfront as well as in the courtroom, and wins his case.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Peyton Place." The third week of Jerry Wald's masterpiece of small-town life.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Slaughter on 10th Ave." A brilliant expose of Manhattan's sordid fake trade-union racket, where the killer is the sub-collector, Richard Egan, Jan Sterling, Dan Duruya, and Julie Adams.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Pride and the Passion,"

Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, and Sophia Loren, in a highly coloured, mighty entertaining romance of Spain, 1610.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Short Cut to Hell." The story of a killer and a night-club girl, Robert Ivers and George Johnson.

ALHAMBRA: "Trapeze." United Artists release which was voted "Best Picture of the Year" by Hongkong box-office, 1957.

COMING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Want Eve and Die." A true story of undercover agents in Wartime Britain. Jeffrey Hunter, Nigel Patrick, and Annemarie Düringer.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Land Unknown." A lost world in the Antarctic where prehistoric monsters roam. Jack Mahoney, Shawn Smith, and William Reynolds.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Until They Sail." A New Zealand-based story set in the war years when the

girls ran wild while the boys were away. Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Paul Newman, and Piper Laurie.

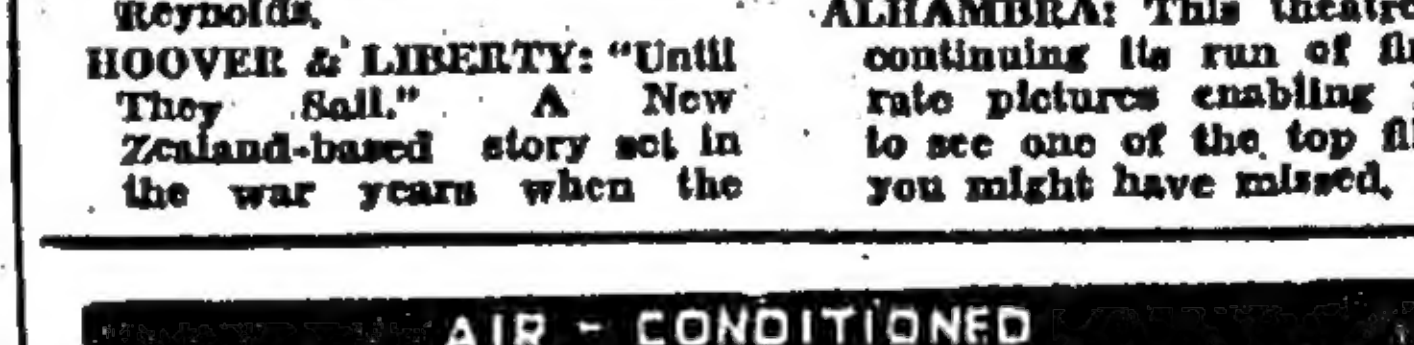
KING'S & PRINCESS: "Joker is Wild." Frank Sinatra and Milly Guyon along with Jeanne Crain, in a Scotch and sympathy kind of story, which, nevertheless, shows Sinatra maintaining his reputation as a great actor.

ALHAMBRA: This theatre is continuing its run of first-rate pictures enabling you to see one of the top films you might have missed.

AIR-CONDITIONED

STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★ AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



AT Reduced Prices \$2.40, \$1.70, \$1.20, \$0.70

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. Kirk Douglas in
"MAN WITHOUT A STAR"
In Technicolor At Reduced Prices

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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QUEEN'S

3 SHOWS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 7.00 & 9.30 P.M.

THE WORLD - FAMOUS

SHOCHIKU REVUE

THE WORLD - FAMOUS

SHOCHIKU REVUE

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THE WORLD - FAMOUS

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Canadian Children Afflicted With 'TV Legs'

OTTAWA. CANADIAN parents were told last week that their children were generally afflicted with "television legs" and "television torso" from sitting around and watching too much TV.

Lloyd Percival, director of Toronto Sports College, made a survey of physical fitness of 300 schoolchildren aged between six and 12 in the well-to-do suburb of Don Mills.

He found them suffering from a flabby condition known as "television legs."

It was now possible, he had found, for children not to have to move out of the house to enjoy athletics. They merely had to go down to their recreation rooms, and throwing darts at a board had taken the place of hockey, baseball, and football.

'Race Of Lounge Lizards'

Parents must share the blame with TV for the flabby condition of their children's heads and muscles. Parents were simply too lazy to get up off their own television chairs and show the children out of the house on to the hockey rink and football field. The whole nation, he felt, had been mesmerized by American television.

Donald Purdy, supervisor of physical training for Ottawa public schools, making a quick sample examination of some of the 20,000 students in the Canadian capital, found his pupils had "television torso." The students were in such poor shape they were unable to do the simple exercise of press-ups—flat, face-down on the floor, rigid body raised by the arms alone.

The lack of exercise has brought on a deterioration of the arm and shoulder muscles.

"They do not even have to get out of their cars to lift the garage doors any more," says Purdy. "An electronic device does it for them."

He noted that they could even change their television channels by pressing a button on the arm of their lounge chair.

Television was turning Canadian children into a race of "lounge lizards."

They no longer went to the playing fields for hockey or football, but spent their time following the American-style cowboy Westerns on television. "Things get softer and easier for them every day," says Purdy. "Their heads get softer and their muscles flabbier."

THE 'BLACK DOMINOES' SECRET IS BETRAYED

London. IT was to be Oxford's biggest hoax for years. More than 400 invitations were sent out.

The idea was that the guests would not know that the hall for their party had already been booked—for the usual weekly old folks' whist drive.

"Come masked," said the invitation, signed "The Black Dominoes."

At 8.30 p.m., last week 200 under-graduates and their girlfriends arrived at the tiny Alfred Street gymnasium.

MIX-UP But the carefully guarded secret was given away. Someone phoned the police, and "Black Dominoes" hopes of a mix-up between whist players and party-goers were foiled. The police were already there. Men and girls swarmed round the doors shouting: "Where is the party?" They waved handwritten invitation cards.

Inside the hall old folks carried on with their whist. The door was barred from the inside. A burlly police sergeant stood on the outside.

Things became troublesome. Then a mysterious notice appeared—and the situation was saved. The "Black Dominoes" had second thoughts.

ON, ON, ON "On to Christ Church College," said the notice. The crowd stampeded there to receive another message: "On to Oxford."

Then on to Balliol, Magdalen, and finally the crowd crocodile to St. Margaret's Church Hall in north Oxford.

There the doors were open, the lights blazing and inside the drinks were waiting. A young man in a black mask said: "We just had to have a proper party in case an emergency arose."

One of the organisers, Miss Willow Morel, 20-year-old art student, said: "It was just our idea of a joke. We got up to all sorts of pranks in art schools, you know."

What's her blank 10/- note worth?

London. MRS Jean Smallwood, a 30-year-old housewife, has a 10s. note she thinks is worth thousands of pounds. The reverse side is blank.

She has already refused £500 for it.

Mrs Smallwood, an hydraulic engineer's wife who lives at Pwllheli, Carmarvonshire, got the note at the local bank when she cashed a cheque for £3 10s.

The cashier handed her seven 10s. notes with consecutive serial numbers—face upwards.

She spotted the blank-sided notes as she was handing it to the butcher. So did the butcher. I PUT IT BACK

"But I was still clutching it," said Mrs Smallwood. "I put it back in my handbag."

The Smallwoods took the note to a London dealer, who offered £200 for it.

"So our freak ten bob is now back in the bank for safe keeping," said Mrs Smallwood. "I am sitting tight—and hoping."

BUT a Bank of England spokesman, described the £500 note as "fantastic." He said: "I would not give £5 for it. There is no market for this type of freak—they have no collector value."

Be your own Met. man

London. HAVE you sometimes wished you could forecast the weather for a few days ahead? It's not so difficult.

Not a word to the "Met" Office, but after 10 years of forecasting by radar and other costly machines, we still find that the humble barometer is the best of all. It never goes wrong... well, hardly ever.

The thing is to treat it with respect. I tap it (before reading) ever so gently.

Many of us today do a bit more than just read the dial. At the back of our minds we have a pretty shrewd idea of what the movement of the needle means in terms of local weather events.

I know, too, that we tap it like to compare notes, so here is the Bowen Barometer Guide:—

Prolonged slow fall (Rain and wind).

by DAVID BOWEN, F. R. Met. S.

Quick fall (Gale soon). 1/2-inch rise (or more) in 12 hours from "Low" (Remains stormy).

Prolonged rise from "Low" (Becoming settled: cold in winter; fine in summer).

High and steady (Cold, with fog risk in winter. Fine and warm in summer).

Slow fall from "High" (Less settled. Milder in winter, cooler in summer).

Needle moving jerkily (Very unsettled). Quick "see-saw" motion (Gales, sunshine, then more gales).

A word about "Slow fall from High." It is a sign of milder

weather in winter, but if it has previously been very cold the milder weather might well take the form of snow—followed by rain if the glass continues to fall.

You have heard, of course, of the old nautical saying: "First rise after low foretells a stronger blow." This is often true. A sudden rise is never to be trusted.

Mistakes are easier to make when the glass is moderately high than when it is falling. And the danger is greatest in the spring than at any other time. Example: It is raining.

Like mad there is a cold south-east wind... and yet the barometer keeps rising.

Patience is the only thing here, for provided the rise continues (and it probably will) fine, warm, sunny weather will eventually replace the chill and cold. But it may take at least two days to materialise.

Did you know that a leech makes a good barometer? You simply put one in a jar, partly filled with water.

If the leech remains at the bottom, expect fine or calm weather. Before a change approaches it will give up to 24 hours' notice by rising gradually to the top.

If the storm is approaching rapidly, the leech will rise quickly and become very restless. During stormy weather it will be even more restless and remain out of the water. If it rises during a spell of easterly winds, expect gales and, in winter, snow as well.

Simple, isn't it? But I think I shall make do myself with my own "aneroid." It can carry on without being cleaned—or fed.

HOUSEWIFE'S HARDEST JOB: BED-MAKING

London. A housewife's hardest job is making beds, a doctor reported.

Dr R. Passmore said in an article in the publication "Family Doctor" that a research team in Glasgow, Scotland, learned about it by fitting men and women with masks and meters to count the heat units expended on household jobs.

The researchers found that bed-making took 4½ units per minute, dusting 3½ and cooking just over two units.

LESS ENERGY

Dr Passmore said housework took much less energy than such jobs as mining or farm work, but it made them just as tired and frustrated.

He also put in a plug for Scotsmen. He said they used as much energy washing dishes as their wives did dusting—United Press.

CINDERELLA WAS MISTREATED

Wokingfield. The story of a modern-day Cinderella—without the romantic ending—came to light in a magistrates court here.

Mrs Doris Box was held for trial on charges of mistreating her 12-year-old adopted daughter, Rosaleen Robinson, the Cinderella of the case.

Vernon Way, presenting the case for the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, said Mrs Box's other 12-year-old daughter was being brought up "like a lady," but Rosaleen was treated as a "drill-sergeant."

She was given all the chores to do around the house, complete with a rigid timetable of duties beginning at 7.15 a.m. She was given "fewell" to eat.

Way said. She stole a cookie because she was hungry, for which Mrs Box burned her with a poker.—United Press.

GUIDE-DOG SAVES MASTER

Braunwald. Bello the guide-dog is only a novice at his trade but he took the credit for saving his master in an avalanche.

Paul Zumbach, 23, took Bello along when he went climbing with Peter Dal-Tin, 30. A sudden avalanche buried all three but Bello, struggling free, dug Zumbach out.

Further surges of snow drove them from the mountainside before they could find Dal-Tin. Bello led rescuers back onto the mountain to bring his body down after doctors had said there was no hope of finding him alive.—United Press.

TROUBLE DOGGED THEM ALL THE WAY

But They're Still Happy

London. Pretty Pauline Fowton and Ken Ward always seem to have trouble on important days.

The day of their engagement party Ken became ill and had to go to the hospital. The day they made wedding plans Ken lost his job as a shipyard worker.

The day Ken and Pauline went to buy the wedding ring they missed their last bus home and had to spend the night in a waiting room.

And last weekend everything went wrong on their wedding day. The wrong flowers were delivered.

'Robin Hood' Ends Up In The Guardhouse

London. A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy soldier who lived like Robin Hood, roaming a Buckinghamshire beauty spot with a bow and arrows, sat sadly in an Aldershot guardroom last week.

And in a hide-out of interwoven ferns, leaves and twigs, under an 8ft. juniper tree at Burnham Beeches, sat a sad kitten.

That hide-out was the "nature boy" home of Howard Walton, of the Royal Engineers, for three nights. The kitten he called Cuthie was the friend he found when "he ran away from life."

Wanderers in the woods who spotted the figure in the green linen suit shooting arrows at wood pigeons always saw the kitten with him.

It crept through the 2ft.-wide door of his hide-out at night and slept in the Army uniform folded in a corner.

In Court

But last week the uniform was gone—it was back on young Howard as he stood in the High Wycombe magistrates' court charged with stealing £10 and a watch from a house.

The court was told how he used the money to buy arrows for the Army-issue bow he took with him when he ran away after compassionate leave—leave granted because his brother had tried to kill himself.

Howard, whose mother is dead and whose father will have nothing to do with him, was conditionally discharged for 12 months.

But he was still a prisoner last week in the guardroom of Aldershot's Malta Barracks, waiting to face his commanding officer for being absent without leave.

As he sat behind bars he talked of his wild life. "I just felt like getting away from it all," he said. "I have been practising with my bow and arrow in the regiment's archery club and I wanted to see if I could live on my skill."

"Every day, and sometimes at night, I went hunting. But I never shot anything. I never got near enough. I saw two pigeons and some partridges and fired, but my arrows dropped short and the birds flew away."

"I took a lot of care with my hut," he said. "It was cold at night but I never felt it. In the end it was only hunger that made me quit."

That hide-out was found on Sunday by 12-year-old David Arnett and police kept watch on it.

It was uncanny," said keeper Thomas Strubb. "He came to within 40 yards of where we were hiding then behaved like a deer which senses something is wrong. He disappeared into the forest again."

His adventure ended when he gave himself up to the police.

What the policeman saw!

By JOHN WEAVER

London. ARTIST'S model

Maureen Venables (35-22-34) was posing nude as a statue in an attic studio high above Soho last week when there came a tapping at the window.

At the window was the red, red face of a young policeman. Twenty-one-year-old Maureen groped for a blue cloth and nearly fell off her pedestal.

WHAT THE HECK!

Artist Dick Blyth dropped his sketching pencil and shouted: "What the heck!"

The policeman said politely: "Sorry to trouble you—but can I get into the next room?"

A pause, then he shuffled along the six-inch window ledge 60ft. above Soho Square.

Mr. Jegan Straker, who founded the Visual Arts Club, opened the window in the next room and in climbed the policeman.

"Sorry, sir," he apologized again. "I am looking for a thief."

ON THE TRAIL

He explained that he was on the trail of a rascal at a wine shop six doors away. And the trail led past that window.

Artists and models helped the policeman search the building, but no one was found.

Redhead Maureen said: "He did startle me. Naturally, I couldn't go to the window. There was a deadly silence when he shone his torch on his helmet."

Mr. Straker said: "He told me he did that to make it clear who he was and that he wasn't just peeping."

EMBARRASSED STILL

"He behaved impeccably. He went about his job trying to act as if nothing had happened."

Exit the policeman. On the trail of his thief, embarrassed still but with the night and his anonymity as cloaks.

Enter a giggling Maureen to pose again, with no cloak at all. And, like a truly dedicated artist's model, no embarrassment, either.

Glad News?

Nottingham. Proud father Geoffrey Nathan leaped out of his truck to spread the glad news that his wife had had a baby—what upon the truck, surrounded down a hill and struck a lamp post.

Nathan was aged 45 here for not setting the truck's brakes properly.—United Press.



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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



The scene on the Burnley-Manchester road where motorists were busy digging themselves out of the snow-drifts.



LEFT: Led by Katherine Wood (19), Oxford girls planned a campaign to stop social contact with men who would not agree to oppose Britain's development of the H-bomb.



LEFT: George Flaherty (24) thought he was not getting a fair break in civilian life because he is coloured, joined the Army and says: "I am going to try hard to get a commission." First step . . . George passed out of preliminary training with the 20th Lancashire Fusiliers as "best recruit."

RIGHT: The Duchess of Kent is seen with Mrs. Buchanan at a special midnight charity stage show for cancer research in memory of Jack Buchanan.

BELOW: The London Premiere of the film "Paris Holiday". From the left are Luciana Paltuzzi, Fernandel, Bob Hope, and Carol Leslie.

EXPRESS PICTURES



Princess Margaret is seen (above) visiting Cardiff's new £650,000 swimming pool designed for the Empire Games, and (left) leaving the studio of sculptor Sir Jacob Epstein after sitting for a bust.

RIGHT: Snow on the ground outside . . . but that is the time for British models to get into next year's swim suits and show the way. This one is white elastic with jet beading and brief jacket combination.



BELOW: British TV starlet Rosalio Ashley (19) is seen with artist Vasco Lazzolo and the portrait he is completing of her. The picture is one of six up-and-coming youngsters in various fields.

EXPRESS PICTURES



Retired champion "Shannon Hurricane" is seen with his constant companion a recently born lamb . . . also resident at his farm in Shenley, and also owned by farmer George Maw.

EXPRESS

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC



the finest chocolates in the world

News From Britain

H
BOMB
?

HOW does Britain feel about having the H-bomb?

On a decibel count you might get the idea the nation wholeheartedly wanted to be rid of the thing. As ever, the "antis" are so much more vociferous than the "pros." So far, no one has staged a "We Want the H-Bomb" demonstration. There have been more of the other kind than I care to count.

The Daily Express, which had been polling public opinion on the question, came up with the answers. Of those questioned, 53 per cent agreed that Britain should continue H-bomb tests, 30½ per cent thought not, and 10½ per cent did not know.

Forty-eight per cent thought Britain should go on making the H-bomb, 41½ per cent were against this and, again, 10½ per cent did not know.

But if these results demonstrated the belief of the majority in the need for Britain's possession of nuclear weapons, a third question on the same poll revealed an equally significant trend.

The question was: "Do you approve or disapprove of the setting up of American rocket bases in Britain?"

Against the 34 per cent who approved and the 11 per cent who didn't know were ranged

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"And why would poor old Ireland not be having an H-bomb of her own?"

55 per cent who disapproved.

Add together the three findings and what's the answer? From where I stand, it looks something like this. In the present state of international affairs most Britons believe their country must be as well-armed as the other great powers, but that—so far as Britain is concerned—a British finger should be on the trigger.

The "Ban the H-bomb" triad has some heavy artillery. Among the biggest guns is philosopher Bertrand Russell.

His latest salvo included this shot: "The supposed great deterrent (the H-bomb) is an illusion not only because neither side can use it without disaster to itself, but also because of the appalling risk of an unintended war brought on by some misunderstanding incident."

A lot of ordinary Britons, however, see it this way: Neither side could use H-bombs without disaster to itself—provided that both sides have the bomb. And that fear of disaster is a bulwark against war. But if one side surrenders the bomb—and this is what Lord Russell wants Britain to do—the other side need fear no disaster to itself if it chooses to use the bomb against a nation which cannot retaliate in kind.

Feeling Jaded?

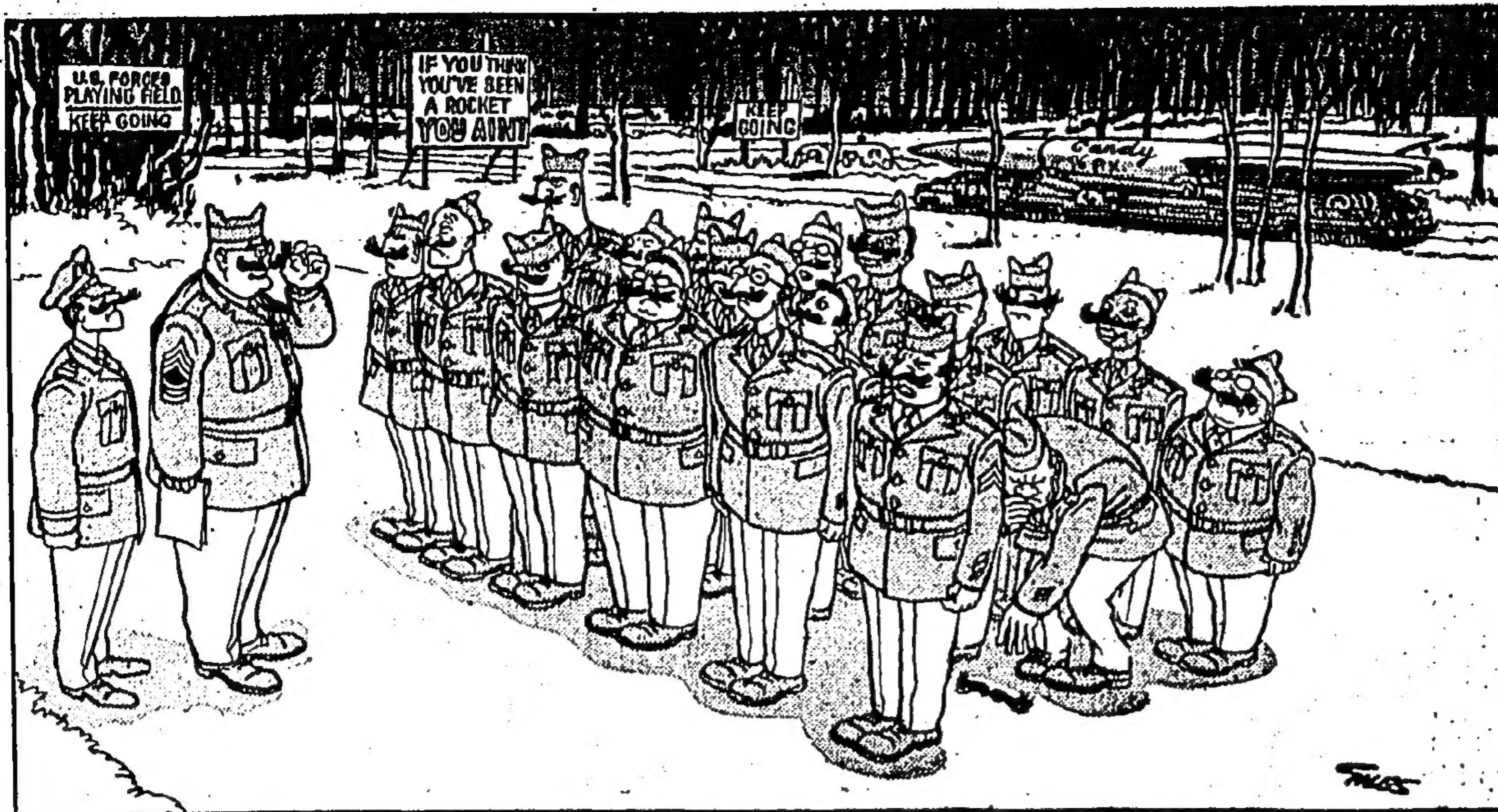
WHENEVER I feel jaded I refresh myself by dipping into a publication called, "Goods Chargeable With Purchase Tax," authored by the Commissioners of Customs and Excise.

Almost every one of its 96 closely-printed pages is good for a laugh.

Take page 50. There we discover that false beards and moustaches are subject to tax, but not if each hair is "separately waved or shaped, and separately threaded to a backing, designed to be gummed to the face." (Amateurs, foreign spies, assassins and criminal fugitives, please note.)

On page 54 we learn that while all kinds of fishing hooks are taxable an exception is made in the case of "conger eel hooks with or without swivels." I shall leave you pondering the special qualifications of conger eels.

Peter Burgeyne



"There is a demand by the natives that missile bases should be manned by R.A.F. personnel. Very well...."

Modern Midas

Rags to Riches 3
by John Cottrell

WHENEVER an individual progresses from rags to riches by honest means, he does so because of good luck, or because he has the capacity for hard and concentrated work, or because he has the touch of genius. Only very rarely do these three factors occur together; when they do, one has a story of fantastic success—the story of a man like Aristotle Socrates Homer Onassis.

Onassis—"Ari" to his closest friends—became a dollar millionaire at the age of 25 and his fortune is now conservatively estimated at £100,000,000. He started his career with only £50.

He was born in comfortable circumstances; but in 1922, when he was 15, his family was reduced to near-poverty by the Turks' invasion of his native Smyrna. His father was thrown into a concentration camp and he saw relatives hanged in a public square. He had already lost his mother at the age of five.

Escaped In Disguise

The Greek settlers, who constituted about two-thirds of the city's population, were killed or forced to flee the country. Aristotle escaped arrest with the help

of the American Consulate, who disguised him as a sailor and placed him on board a United States destroyer.

On reaching Greece, he helped to negotiate for his father's release and eventually those of the Onassis family who still lived were reunited. Aristotle's father, the only surviving male adult, found himself with 15 women and children in his care. Before the invasion he had been a wealthy and important tobacco merchant. Now he could not hope, without help, to maintain so many dependents.

So the family decided to gamble on Aristotle, who had received an excellent education and was the brightest of its younger members. Enough money

was raised to send him to South America.

That was in September 1923. When he arrived in Buenos Aires, the hope of the Onassis family had just £50 to his name and was only 16 years old.

There has been very little luck in the success story of Aristotle. Onassis and one of the few examples is of a negative kind. At Buenos Aires, he tried to sign on a ship as a sailor, but was rejected.

Had he taken that ship he might have missed the path to his millions, though there is little doubt that he would have prospered at almost any trade.

As it was, Aristotle took a small room in a cheap boarding-house and enrolled for a course in switchboard operation. Despite language difficulties, he mastered the job in three weeks and started work as a night operator.

Worked 21 Hours
A Day

Here we have the first example of his great capacity for hard and concentrated work. The young Greek allowed himself only three hours sleep a day. He worked at his switchboard from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m.; then from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.; he worked to establish himself in the tobacco business which he knew so well.

Operating from his little bedroom as a self-established importer of Oriental tobacco, he made in just two years £2,000—enough to give up his night work. In three years, he was worth £10,000.

By 1928 the youth was so well established that the Greek Government commissioned him to negotiate a trade deal with Argentina. As a reward he was appointed Greek Consul-General in Buenos Aires—at the age of 22.

At 25, Onassis was a dollar millionaire and displaying real genius for business. Astutely choosing the right moment, he turned to shipping in 1931 when the depression had caused prices to drop to fantastically low levels. For 100,000 dollars, he was able to buy six freighters which had cost \$8,000,000 when new. He sold

four of them up until trade conditions improved.

Onassis's next big step was to have his first oil-tanker built in Sweden. Shrewdly, he foresaw that there would be more money in oil-tankers than freighters.

His first tanker was delivered in 1938 and then another war came along—not this time to bring the Onassis family ruin, but to make its fortune. Governments were willing to pay well for the delivery of much-needed supplies and Onassis placed his fleet at the disposal of the Allies. It is said that he came out of the war with £10,000,000.

At the end of the war, contrary to the opinion of experts, Onassis judged rightly that the demand for oil would increase. He bought 10 surplus war tankers and freighters for a little as 20,000,000 dollars and, since then, in a building race with Stavros Niarchos, his rival and brother-in-law, he has had built some of the biggest tankers the world has ever seen.

Despite his great prosperity, Onassis remained little-known outside the shipping world until a few years ago when he gained world-wide publicity by buying a controlling interest in a large section of Monte Carlo, including the Casino and several hotels.

He became known as the man who "bought" the bank at Monte Carlo—and he did it just to find room for a headquarters for his many companies.

Speaks Four
Languages

Onassis is now a naturalised Argentinian, but he might claim with justification to be a citizen of the world. For his ships fly the flags of several different countries; he has offices in many lands; and he speaks Greek, Spanish, French and English fluently.

Now in his early fifties, the fabulous Onassis lives in great luxury. At Monte Carlo he entertains royalty, world statesmen as great as Sir Winston Churchill, film stars as elusive as Garbo.

A few years ago he had built a private yacht which cost a cool million pounds. The largest and most luxurious in the world, it has a bathroom

for every cabin, a swimming pool, dance floor, cinema and private hospital.

Onassis spends much of his time aboard the yacht. He also enjoys skiing on snow and water, riding, dancing and swimming.

Never Gambles

Sportsman though he is, he never gambles at the Casino. Like all millionaires, who stay millionaires, he has learned never to trust to luck.

One of the richest men in the world, he has a beautiful young wife, two children, and enough money to keep himself in luxury for the rest of his life.

But money-making is in his blood. So he still flies about 100,000 miles a year conducting his business personally and always he has two million dollars handy lest he should want to make a quick deal.

Aristotle Socrates Homer Onassis has made his fourth name as famous as the first three.



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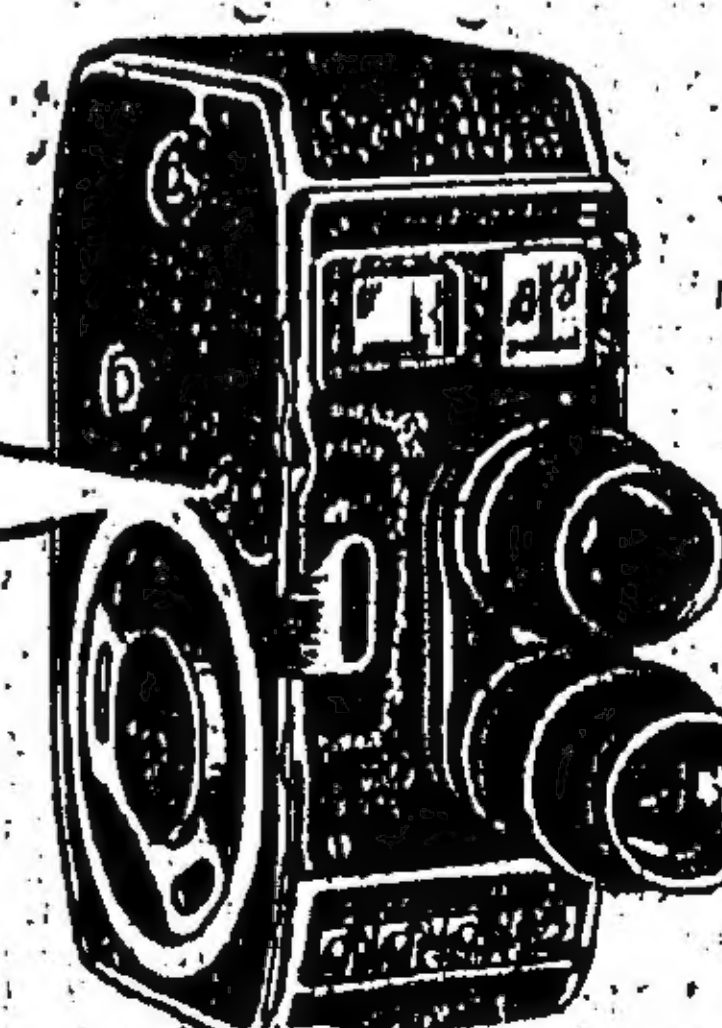
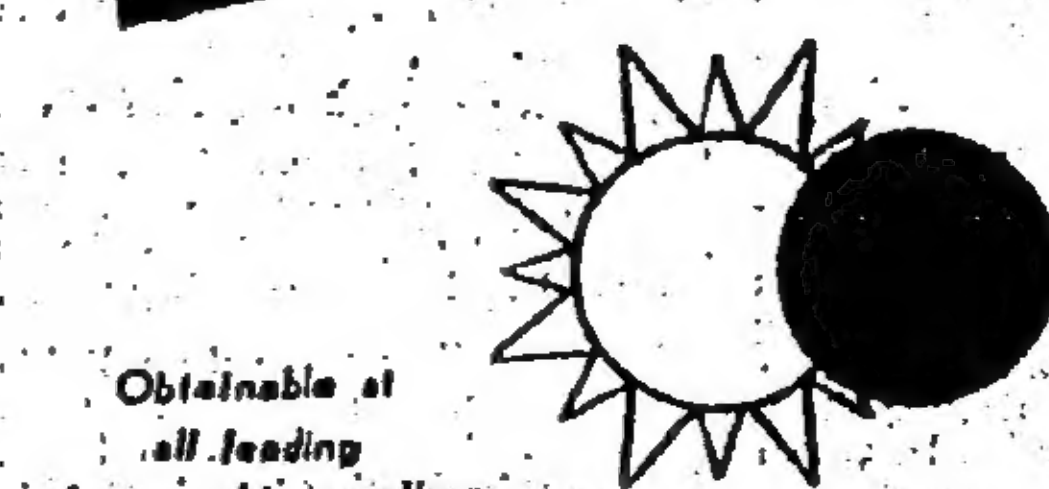
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CAT and MOUSE: Part 2

of the under-cover war in Cairo... Hitler's agents set up their radio near British G.H.Q.

'GET ME THE BRITISH BATTLE-PLAN'

...and Rommel's spies begin a fantastic 2,500-mile trip across the desert

Along the road to the British Army camp in the Western Desert marched two weary men carrying suitcases. A British officer accepted without question their story about a car mishap. He arranged transport to take them into Cairo. Hours later Rommel's master-spy, John Eppler, set up his radio post... near the British G.H.Q.

FIELD-MARSHAL ROMMEL took the hand of the young, handsome, bronzed German officer and shook it warmly. "I wish you success on your mission, Eppler," he said. "It is in your hands to help us bring victory for the Fuehrer here in Africa." And John Eppler replied: "When you ride into Cairo at the head of the German Army, Herr Feldmarschall, you will find me waiting for you."

It was May 11, 1942, at the height of the battle in the Western Desert, and Commander-in-Chief of the German forces, Field-Marshal Rommel, had done an unusual thing. He had left his operational headquarters and gone south to the remote oasis of Ghat. There, beneath a clump of scrubby palm trees, he held a personal goodbye to eight men under his command who were about to leave on a special mission.



The desert route that led Eppler to the Nile.

by
**LEONARD
MOSLEY**

NONDESCRIPT

THEY did not, from outward appearance, look as if they merited this distinguished title. They were a nondescript lot both in looks and dress, and only their peaked desert campaign caps identified them as German soldiers. The cars, before which they stood at attention, with arms raised in the Nazi salute, were all British—utilities, pick-ups, and small vans.

The men of the Abwehr Commando Unit climbed into their British transport, and the file of cars moved slowly across the sands, eastwards towards Egypt. Operation Condor had started. Germany's most important spy was on his way.

It was a curious method which the Nazi Intelligence Service had chosen to infiltrate their chief spy, John Eppler, and his radio operator, Peter Monkaster, into Egypt, for the River Nile was 2,500 miles away across some of the bitterest desert in the world.

And the two men were going not by parachute from a plane but on wheels.

Rommel desperately needed his agent in Cairo, now that the ultimate battle for Egypt was beginning, and he was taking no chances. A few weeks ago, he had sent two trusted spies by plane, and the plane had crashed into the sea. One spy, a bearded agent named Klein, who had lived in Palestine, was crushed to death and the other, Muhlenbruch, was injured.

"If you can give me the information I want," Rommel told Eppler, "I can be in Cairo before the end of the summer. But I must have the British battle-plan. I must know where they will make their stand—and what forces they will use. And I must know whether the Egyptian Army is ready to help us once the battle starts."

A Hungarian count named Almásy, who had volunteered to fight for the Nazis, was called out of the air force and given the task of leading the desert expedition which would take Eppler and Monkaster to Egypt.

They were very thin, tired, and sun-blistered men who, three weeks out from Ghat Oasis, one morning called a halt at a signal from their leader. In the leading car, Almásy turned to John Eppler, who was slumped back in his seat, nervously licking his lips, and said:

"Look, I think this is the place we want." Eppler looked through the sand-strewn windscreen at the driver's quickened pace of the car. Ahead, a few hundred yards away, was a sign-post. What was it? The sign of another British dump—or something more concerned with civilization, with roads and routes and towns?

They strained their red eyes as the sign came nearer, trying to read it. And then, with a shout of triumph, Eppler cried out: "It's in English! We've done it. We're here—on the Nile at last!"

Almásy drew his car to a halt beside the sign. It was a dramatic moment for all of them. The sign read in English:

THEY made their incredible safari, but not without incidents and adventures. One of their number collapsed from a heart attack and their medical orderly went down with heat prostration. Four days out from Ghat they hid their German caps and put on British forage caps instead, and it was as well for them that they did so. That evening they ran into a patrol of British Long Range Desert Group, on its way to raid behind the German lines, and they exchanged signals.

For three days, as the expedition made further south to avoid such contacts in future, they were out of water, until Almásy, his men to start digging, and they found a hidden well.

He was equally lucky with fuel. When supplies were running desperately low the expedition discovered the southernmost petrol dump of the Long Range Desert Group and filled up—afterwards destroying the dump. But he planned skilfully, too, and every few hundred miles left a loaded lorry of supplies for his return journey.

THIN, TIRED...

NO wonder Eppler calls it: "The longest trek a spy has ever had to make under his own steam." And no wonder, after many hot, blistering days in the wilderness, he wished that, after all, he had taken the more risky but less arduous journey to his target by parachute.

The caravan pushed on and the tension was visible on all their faces now. Every mile of desert from this point on led them further into British territory.

If they were caught now, wearing British uniforms, flaunting British signs on their captured British transport, not one of them could claim the normal rights of ordinary prisoners of war.

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"Assuit 10 kilometres. Dangerous Hill." They had reached civilisation—enemy civilisation. And soon now the great gamble would begin.

John Eppler and Monkaster climbed from their truck and looked down on enemy territory. A sergeant brought three suitcases to them, and they began to take off their shoes. From one suitcase they each took a pair of trousers, a blazer, and a shirt, and put them on. With great care they checked each other's clothes, particularly the labels on them. Eppler's showed that he had bought his at a fashionable shop on the Kasr El Nil in Cairo, and Monkaster's from a store in Dar Es Salaam, in Tanganyika, for part of the time he planned to pose as an American who had been visiting East Africa.

They looked at their documents as the sergeant handed them to them: for Eppler an identification pass designating him an officer attached to Middle East Forces, miscellaneous letters and bills, odd coins and car keys, club membership cards, torn cinema tickets (all of which had been taken from captured British officers); for Monkaster an American passport and other documents. Then Eppler passed out a spot from the office board and called a soldier over to dig a hole. Into it he dropped a heavy bag and covered it over. "Just in case we have to come back this way," he said.

The bag contained £500 in gold sovereigns, and according to Eppler they are still there.

The preparations were over now. They solemnly shook hands with Almásy and his men, and the cars backed round to face westwards. Then, after a last Nazi salute and a last "Heil Hitler," Almásy gave the signal and the cars began their long return journey back across the desert to Ghat and Tripoli. Eppler and Monkaster welcomed their disappearance. "From now on," said Eppler, "we speak English. Come on, let's go."

FRIGHTENING

IT was a solemn and frightening moment for both of them. From now on they knew they were on their own. They were spies on enemy territory. If they were caught they would end their lives before a firing squad.

The thought of it sobered up even Eppler, a man of ebullient nature. Monkaster, a more morose type, looked grim and unhappy.

They picked up the remaining two suitcases, one apiece, and started down the path towards Assuit. In one suitcase was £20,000 in British sterling notes.

In the other were two light-weight British uniforms, with lieutenants' stars sewn to them, the cap badges of the Rifle

Brigade and the Intelligence Corps, and one copy of Daphne du Maurier's novel, *Rebecca*. That novel was to prove of more value, and did more to affect the course of the war, than anything else that the two men carried.

They marched down the road towards Assuit. And almost at once they ran into the British Army. On the outskirts of Assuit, standing between them and the town, was a British camp, and the road they were taking led straight through it. Should they try to work around it?

LUGGING CASES

"WELL go through," said Eppler. "Leave it to me, and don't panic."

They made a curious pair walking down the road in the hot sun, lugging their suitcases.

"Well, well, well," said a British officer standing by the gate as they approached, "and where on earth have you two come from?"

Eppler jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "The desert," he said. "We went on a trip and our car broke down. Bloody hot it was too, walking all that way. Could you possibly give us a lift to the station in Assuit? We have to be back in Cairo."

"Who are you?" asked the officer.

Eppler pulled out his pass and handed it over. "I'm travelling with the Free French," he said. "My friend here is American."

"Glad to know you," said the officer. "Come on into the shade and I'll fix up a car to take you in."

It was as easy as that. Two hours later, the two spies with movement orders provided by the R.T.O. at the station, were aboard the express for Cairo. But the two invaluable suitcases were no longer with them. With haste during Eppler had taken yet another big risk. He had hired himself a servant, Mohammed, from the souk (market place) and offered him the job of servant at a salary of £5 a month.

Further up the train, in the third class carriage, Mohammed sat on a wooden bench with 500,000 a secret radio, and Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca* at his feet. He was waiting with the success of his task turning, on Cairo station next morning.

"Said, ja, hey," he said, grinning, as Eppler came towards him. "British corporal came in the night on the train. Tried to open suitcases. I said you British officer and very shaggy type. He went away. Where we go now, ja bey?"

"Shepherd's Hotel. We need a drink!"

"We need several drinks," said Monkaster. He was looking less grim now, and the excitement of their situation had begun to infect him.

That night, in the bedroom of the hotel, Eppler was startled to find his back at his door. He got away, but his "British" posts did not. The white

secret radio while Eppler thumbed through the pages of *Rebecca* and scribbled on a sheet of paper. Presently, he began to tap the keys.



Point of no return... Near the end of their epic desert journey, Rommel's spies change into civilian clothes.

The dancing girl becomes a German agent

rubbed out a pencil mark with an eraser, on the inside cover.

Instead of going home Robby went to G.H.Q. and walked into a photographic unit. He pointed to the marking and said:

"Could you take a photograph of that and tell me what it says?"

The sergeant looked at it and grinned. "Child's play," he said. "Come back in half an hour."

"I'll wait," he replied. And in less than half an hour he had his answer—an enlarged, clear print of a pencil mark saying: 50 cerados.

Robby went on to his office and began to write out a code message to be sent to Lisbon via London: "Can you check identity of anyone connected with Abwehr bought copy of du Maurier's *Rebecca* in Lisbon? If so when?"

It was several days before the reply came, but it was worth waiting for: "German assistant military attaché bought *Rebecca* from bookstore April 3. He must be made about book. He bought six copies."

Robby picked up the telephone "I want Abele and Weber made available to me for further—and strictly unofficial—interrogation," he said.

"Oh," replied his assistant, "what do you want them for?" "I want to have a talk to them about the modern English novel," Robby said. Then he took out the copy of *Rebecca* and began to study it again....

GREETING...

MEANWHILE, at the Kit Kat night club in the centre of Cairo, John Eppler was watching a beautiful half-naked girl doing a dance of the desert. As she swayed her smooth, plump body into the final frenetic gyrations of the dance, he scribbled a note, wrapped it in a £1 note and asked a waiter to take it over.

A few minutes later the dancer had joined him at the table.

"Welcome home, Hussein," said Hakimath Fathmy. The most famous dancer in the Middle East leaned over, took his hand, and pressed it against her breast in a warm gesture of greeting.

Eppler smiled with pleasure—not only because she had remembered his Egyptian name—and spoke to her in Arabic. With a gesture at some British officers' loudly drinking across the room, he said:

"Do you still hate them?" "The more I have to do with them, the more I love them," she said. "I have to be nice. It's wise to show your true feelings, but when I have been with one of them I could spit!" "Good," said Eppler. "In that case I have work for you to do."



Rommel with his forward troops... he had two men even further ahead... in Cairo.

secret radio while Eppler thumbed through the pages of *Rebecca* and scribbled on a sheet of paper. Presently, he began to tap the keys.

"Condor calling, Condor calling," he signalled in code. "Am ready to start operation."

It was not until an hour later, while the two men hunched over the set that the reply came through: "Message received. You know your instructions. Speed essential."

NIGHT LIFE

CAREFULLY, they packed the radio away again and locked the suitcase. Then leaving Monkaster to guard it, John Eppler went out to sample the night life of Cairo, and collect his first information.

He was happy and self-confident, convinced that the stupid British would never discover his real identity, eager to get to work full of zest at the prospect of sampling the delights of Cairo again, and sure he could provide the vital information that Rommel needed. He had brains and resource, and he had contacts too. He was a confident of the success of his task that already, he was planning to make a tour of the city to pick out the villa most suitable for Rommel to occupy once he became the conqueror of Cairo.

But even on that first night, though Eppler did not know it, the tide was starting to run against him. Back at his door, he got away, but his "British" posts did not. The white

Field-Marshal Rommel had relied upon two sources of information for his news about the condition of the British Army in Egypt. (Eppler had been sent in to supplement and strengthen them.)

One was the American Military Mission in Cairo, far-fetched though this may seem. In 1941, a brilliant coup by the Italian Secret Service had resulted in the code used by the Americans falling into enemy hands. (And one day someone is going to tell the truth about that, too!)

Each night the Americans sent back a copious report on the military situation from Egypt to Washington, and each night it was decoded by the Germans and Italians.

As a check upon the information obtained in this way (and the Americans were expressing the deepest pessimism over the fate of Egypt at this time) Rommel had also sent special "listening posts" into the desert to intercept British military messages. These were then broken down by teams of experts and much vital news of British intentions reached the Germans in this way.

But at the time that Eppler sent through his first message, New Zealand troops of the Eighth Army made an unexpected assault on the forward posts of the German Army. Rommel himself was almost captured, and had to escape with shaving

brush still on his key. He got away, but his "British" posts did not. The white

of the special unit was wiped up. And among those who were captured were two Nazi signal experts, Abele and Weber.

These two men—though, of course, the British did not know it—had been assigned to the special task of listening in for Eppler's calls. (There were two others: one in Athens and another in Smyrna.)

Abele and Weber were flown back to Cairo with all their belongings and equipment, and taken to the interrogation centre. There they steadfastly refused to talk about the nature of their task, and were taken away. But after they were gone a British counter-espionage civilian agent, who I shall call Robby, was going through their papers.

Among the letters and papers and odd newspapers, all in German, he suddenly noticed a copy of Daphne du Maurier's novel *Rebecca*, in English. He slipped it into his pocket, intending to take it back to his quarters to read; and then, suddenly, the incongruity of this and struck him. There were no other English books among the belongings of the captured men. Why were they reading this particular book? And where had they obtained it?

He took the book out again and began to study it. His eye caught the title, *Rebecca*, and he thought, *Rebecca*, *Rebecca*, *Rebecca*, as it someone had

NEXT WEEK: The Role of Yvette

WINSTON'S EYES FLASHED—THIS IS A SOFT JOB, HE SAID

BY the middle of June 1942, before he left for Washington, Churchill had given us, in considerable detail, plans of campaign for the reconquest of Burma, for the occupation of the northern end of Norway, for rolling up the Germans by an advance from Northern Europe, and for an invasion of Germany from the West.

The project for Burma was impracticable because the means were lacking, especially naval and air forces. The Norwegian idea was impracticable for all three Services; so were the proposals for the invasion of Germany. We consumed a great deal of time and energy in pointing out these facts.

On the 21st, Auchinleck telegraphed that he had decided not to stand at Sollum because he had no armoured reserve, and that he proposed to fight delaying actions back to Mersa Matruh.

We all felt immensely frustrated and disappointed and, indeed, rather ashamed that the Army was not doing better. We had hoped so much that these operations would go well.

By July 1 Rommel was only 60 miles from Alexandria. We hoped that greatly extended as he was, he might be checked at Alamein, but, after so many disappointments, we could not be very confident. Churchill sent a cable to Mr R. G. Casey, the Minister of State in the Middle East, to say that if Rommel reached the Delta, there must be such a fight as would be put up in Kent if England were invaded.

The Prime Minister's speech in the Commons on July 2 was a great success, and provided a powerful counterblast to the distrust and criticism of his regime. Such criticism had naturally sprung up afresh as the operations in the desert went from bad to worse.

It was clear that our defeat in Libya had been due to a combination of shortcomings in the quality of our equipment and of our leadership, in face of a more efficient and better equipped German Army, apparently led by a better general than ours.

Churchill still had many inveterate enemies who would have liked to see him removed from his post. I see that, on July 3, I made a note: "In spite of what one may feel about Winston's methods and his judgment, I do believe that, on balance, it is best that he should continue as Prime Minister—there is no one else with the personality needed for the job." Obviously we still thought even then that Churchill had not yet achieved security of tenure.

By July 3 it looked as if Auchinleck would be able to hold Rommel, and even to deliver a counterstroke.

Churchill now asked for yet another detailed statement of what every man in the Middle East was doing—it was a habit of his to call for such statements whenever things went

wrong, and he was never satisfied, till the end of the war, that the generals could be trusted to keep down the numbers of men behind the lines to the right proportions.

The Americans were extremely anxious to undertake a landing in France before the summer of 1942 was over. It was necessary that we should discuss this question with the American Chiefs of Staff, since their appreciation of the situation was obviously quite different from ours; and we were very glad to learn that General Marshall intended to come to London on July 17 to thrash out an agreed policy.

When Marshall arrived, the Prime Minister proposed to take him and the Chiefs of Staff to Chequers for the weekend. But Marshall said he wanted first to have talks with his own people and the Chiefs of Staff, and the Chequers party was postponed for a week. Brooke felt the same as Marshall, and was relieved when Churchill's proposal fell through.

Unflustered

On July 17 the Prime Minister sent for me. It was a cold, wet day, and he was sitting in the Cabinet room at No. 10 with his back to a big fire, wearing his blue romper suit, and smoking a fat cigar. He was in a genial mood. "Well," he said, indicating the sketch map of dispositions in the desert which lay before him, "much hangs on this battle. Hours seem like days."

He then read aloud, with his cigar in his mouth, some of the telegrams that had come in during the day. One contained an account of the war situation which had been given by some neutral foreigner. It said 1942 was an Axis year, but that 1943 would be an Allies' year, and that Germany was bound to be defeated in the end. When he had read this, he remarked:

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Of course, I fully realise that those dear, clever Germans really invented it, but we were the ones who tried it out on. Remember?"

THE BUSINESS OF WAR

by Major-General
SIR JOHN KENNEDY

Director of Military Operations, 1940-43. Assistant Chief of Imperial General Staff (Operations) and Intelligence, 1943-4

"Well, this is all very good stuff from a foreigner." Then there was something about the war being run by politicians on the Allied side—at which Churchill cooked a comic grimace, and looked sideways at me.

After this interview, I wrote in my diary:

"Winston certainly inspires confidence. I do admire the unhurried way in which he gets through such a colossal amount of work, and yet never seems otherwise than at leisure. He was particularly genial and good-humoured today. I can well understand how those around him become devoted to him—and dominated by him. I remember Dudley Pound once saying, 'You cannot help loving that man.' I can quite see the truth of this sentiment. There is one thing that Winston's enemies and critics must admit—he has only one interest in life at this moment, and that is to win the war. Every waking moment is devoted to that."

"He lives his peculiar life indoors, and rarely going out. Yet this seems to suit him well, and he shows little sign of wear and tear, and he looks in better health than some of the other politicians who work less than he does. Of course, he has not the worry of departmental life, with its constant interruptions and distractions, and he can arrange his routine as he wishes. It is an extraordinary tour de force all the same."

Auchinleck started his offensive at Alamein on July 22.

By July 31 it was clear that his attack had failed. The Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East now asked us for a ruling on the policy to be adopted by them should it prove impossible to defend the whole of the Middle East. Should they hold the Delta or, alternatively, the Persian Gulf? They were told that the Persian Gulf would be the more important.

On August 2 the Prime Minister flew to Cairo; the Chief of the Imperial General Staff was already on his way there.

Four days later Churchill called from Cairo to say that he had decided to appoint Alexander to relieve Auchinleck.

The Prime Minister got back from the Middle East and Moscow late on the night of August 25. At 11 a.m. on the 26th he sent for me.

He was sitting in bed, wearing The Dressing Gown; a half-smoked cigar was in his mouth, and a glass of water and some papers on a table beside him. I expected him to be unburdened after his travels, but he was his usual baby pink.

Policy shift

He said he wanted to check up. He spoke first of Egypt. "With the change of commanders, a new wind is blowing in the Desert," he said. "The Army was all in bits and pieces, but all that will be put right now. That poor Army has suffered terrible wastage."

When he asked me what I had told him, I said Torch, the operation then being planned for an Anglo-American invasion of French North Africa, was the big thing at the moment, but I thought the plan was no good in its present form.



The Auk goes, and Alexander steps in

plan, as it was at the moment, had no resources, and which ominously resembled the kind of gamble that had failed at Gallipoli.

Meanwhile, Rommel had attacked in the desert. On September 2, three days after the attack had started, I was summoned to see the Prime Minister before dinner. When I arrived at No. 10, he was seated, as usual, at the table, in his blue rompers. He did not seem to be in very good form. He lit a fresh cigar before we began to fight the first stage of the Battle of Alamein on the map.

I think it was at this time that Brooke told me that Churchill had said to him: "I have got a sore throat and the doctors have knocked me off cigars. That is the worst of having a high-class job—you have to go in for high-class cures; I should have said that a wet stocking round my neck would cure me in a night!"

The war would certainly have been much duller without him.

NEXT WEEK

How I would handle Winston—by Monty

COMMENTARY BY FRANK OWEN

THERE were times—and General Kennedy offers three examples—when Prime Minister Winston Churchill's plans of campaign were impracticable. Thus, in mid-June 1942, he had fantastic schemes for reconquering Burma from the Japanese, for expelling the Germans from Norway, and for invading the Reich itself from the West across the fields of France.

In fact, for the Second Front in Europe in a really big way.

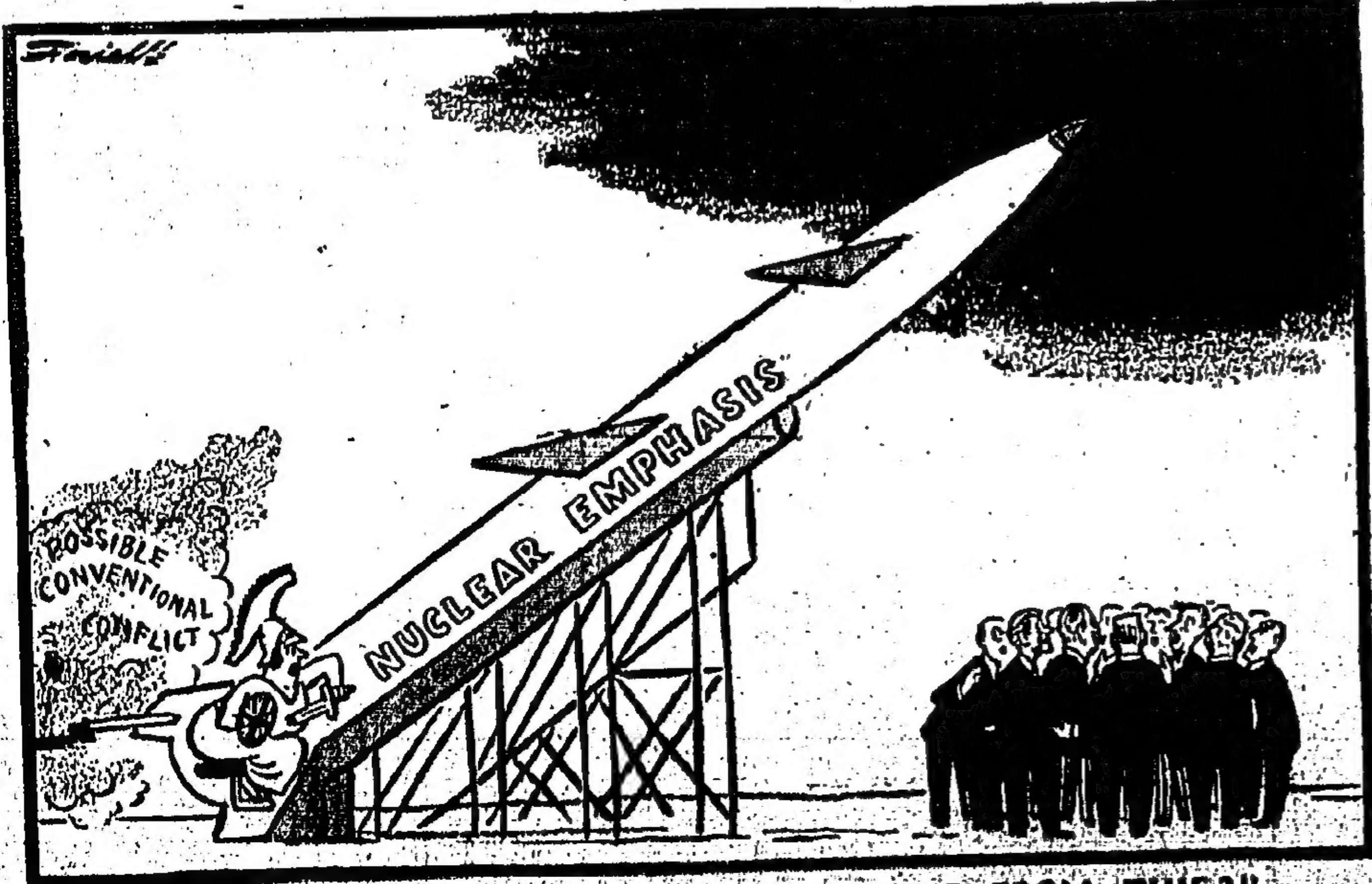
The forces we could actually muster, however, were not deemed powerful enough for all these projects, and in the event, the Germans actually drove us back in the Western Desert to within 60 miles of Alexandria. Winston Churchill was not dismayed by the dis-

appointment of his plans. Writes General Kennedy:

"Winston certainly inspires confidence. I do admire the unhurried way in which he gets through such a colossal amount of work, and yet never seems otherwise than at leisure. . . . I can well understand how those around him become devoted to him—and dominated by him."

And, now, though he had set his heart on an early Anglo-American invasion of North Africa, Churchill was finally persuaded that the Allied resources were not yet adequate.

In fact, though he did, indeed want to harass the enemy continually, Winston Churchill was not the reckless gambler which some of his more stringent Service critics have tried to make him out to be.



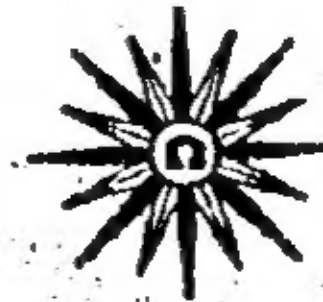
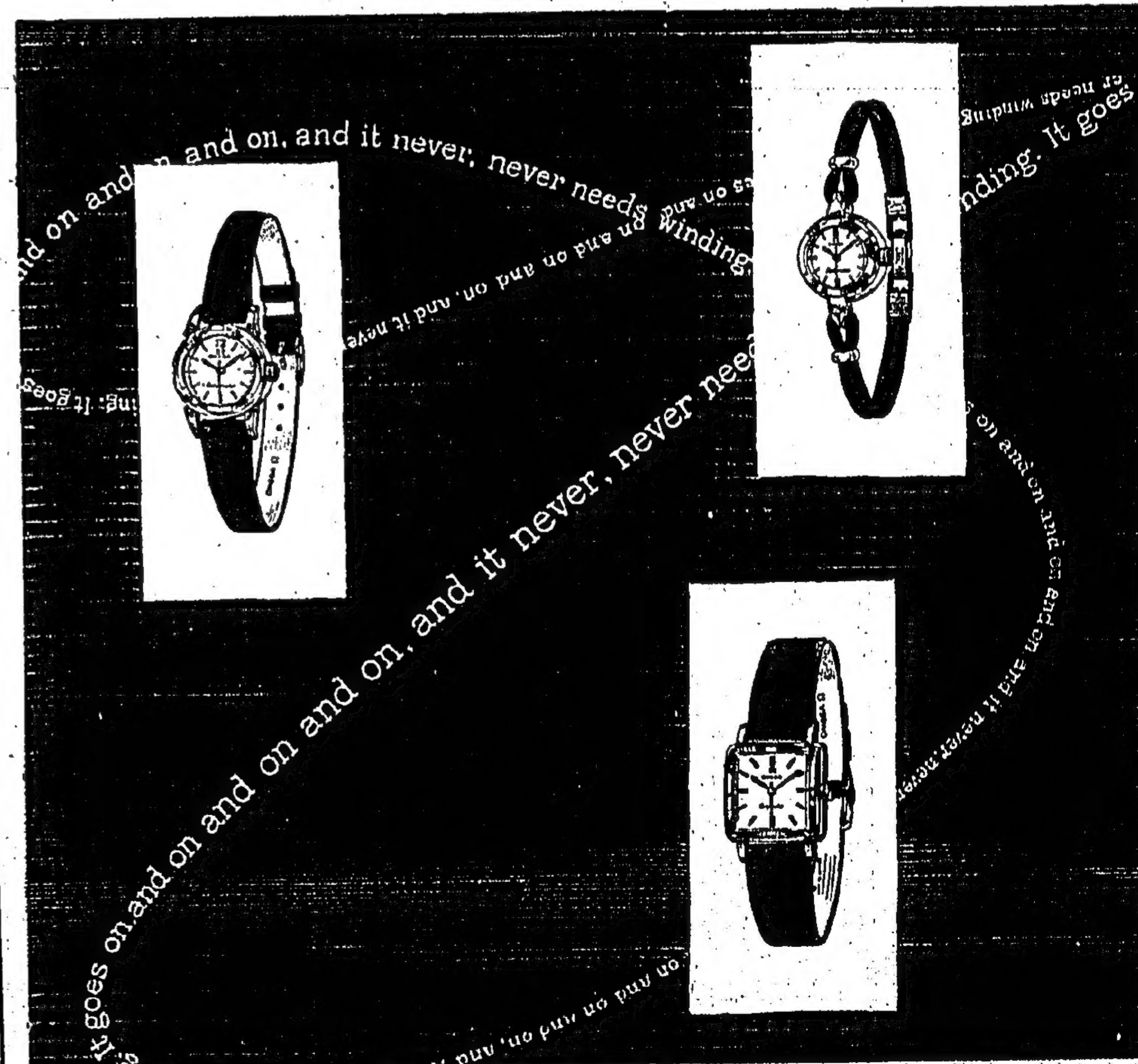
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LONDON DRAMAS

The night the Tories turned on Chamberlain

Into the Opposition lobby they went—

Amery, Hore-Belisha, Duff Cooper, Hogg,

Macmillan . . . and a young officer

"with tears streaming down his face."

A FAMILIAR London night sound, grave and lovely, floated over the downfall of Neville Chamberlain. The sound of Big Ben striking 11 o'clock.

For it was exactly 11 p.m. on May 8, 1940, when the Commons divided and—by one of the most momentous votes in its history—drove this proud, dominating man abruptly from power.

Look back to the astonishing scenes at Westminster that night. Consider the Tories who flung party loyalty aside to pull their leader down.

There were distinguished ex-Ministers among them: Leo Amery, Leslie Hore-Belisha, Alfred Duff Cooper. There were young serving officers like the one—hitherto a fervent admirer of Chamberlain—whom Duff Cooper saw "walking through the Opposition lobby with the tears streaming down his face."

There were back-benchers with a bright future: bounding 32-year-old Quintin Hogg and an elegant fellow with a world-weary air called Harold Macmillan.

And heading them all stalked a spare, angry, glittering figure, his sleeves encrusted with gold lace, six rows of medal ribbons blazing on his chest.

"They wouldn't let me lead an expedition into Trondheim," said Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes as he cast his vote with the Socialists. "So I'm leading an expedition into this lobby instead."

Forty of Chamberlain's supporters marched against the Prime Minister that day. Eighty more abstained from voting. When the division figures were read out in the packed House there was pandemonium.

For the Government—281.
Against—200.

It was decisive. Chamberlain knew it. At a stroke he had lost more than half his normal parliamentary majority. He rose from the Treasury Bench, shoulders bowed, slowly, with a pale little smile, he walked away behind the Speaker's chair.

And as he left the chamber a handful of members—crust and sickening moment—started to sing Rule Britannia! When a public lull falls, there are always little men who squallidly exult.

No other single act of the wartime House of Commons can compare in importance with the vote of May 8, 1940. Its consequences were immense. It led to Coalition Government, opened the doors of 10, Downing Street to Winston Churchill, spring-cleaned the whole war effort.

Spontaneous

Yet it was curiously uncontrived. Nobody designed its timing. No long, elaborate plotting lay behind it. What destroyed Chamberlain was a sudden, spontaneous explosion.

In retrospect today it is easy to misjudge the political atmosphere of that time. So easy to feel that Churchill was bound to become wartime Prime Minister that Providence had its hand on his shoulder. But this was not the way it looked then.

Churchill was still an unknown quantity; only just back on the Front Bench after 10 years in the wilderness; massive but mysterious; suspect to many.

Chamberlain still trailed a colossal prestige. For most of his three years at Number 10 he had dominated Ministers, Parliament and the public more spectacularly than any previous Premier of the century; and for millions, even with opposition in ruins, the massive effect had not yet worn off.

by DOUGLAS CLARK

Why, then, was his fall so sudden?

When the great debate began on May 7, his position seemed safe enough. True, the Norwegian campaign was ending in total catastrophe; but he had plenty of arguments to explain that away. And the clipped, authoritative voice, the toothy sincerity, the sharp bright eye—how could they possibly be resisted?

The government had not even bothered to issue a three-line Whip.

And it was not till 5 p.m. next day that the Opposition decided on a Vote of Censure.

What went wrong?

Three men—all Tories—forced the issue. Together they transformed the whole debate. What had started as a measured inquiry on Norway became a general probe into the capacity of Chamberlain to wage war.

Sharp attack

The first was Roger Keyes, perhaps the most inept orator in the entire House of Commons. He spoke haltingly, as usual, from notes. He stumbled, paused, corrected himself. But through his fearful performance something flamed; a passion for bold measures, a lust for action.

Here was leadership. It burned a question into the House's mind. Was this the spirit which inspired Chamberlain?

Next, Leo Amery; and the attack on the Premier sharpened. Norway was not enough. But did it stand alone?

"It is only a piece with our hesitation and slowness in responding to Finland's appeal for arms, in our handling of economic warfare and the reorganisation of industry, of our re-training of our workers, of the production of war of agriculture—in fact, the whole of our national effort."

And then, with devastating effect, this fierce, surging little speaker turned to the Prime Minister and flung at him the famous advice of Cromwell to the Long Parliament:

"You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing. Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go."

That night, when the debate was adjourned, the Tory party painfully searched its conscience. The revolt had begun. But perhaps something more was needed to drive it through. Next afternoon the third architect pitched in: Chamberlain himself.

Herbert Morrison had just finished speaking. Suddenly the Prime Minister leaped up. He was in a fury, his voice hoarse and strained; he was "showing his teeth like a rat in a corner," one MP said later.

"I say this," he cried, "to my friends in the House—and I

UNCLE Edward demonstrated the little rubber dingy's canvas sea-anchor and had his rod handed to him, whereupon he set off, stylishly plying his Rob Roy double-paddle.

"Now," he announced, from some yards off in the water, "One lays down one's paddle and fishes, unencumbered, comfortable and serene."

"Note that the breeze is always behind me!" he called out, making a cast. "The sea-anchor holds the stern continuously into the wind!" He cast again, beautifully, in his element, his rod outlined against a rising moon.

"It looks fun!" cried Josie.

"It's actually possible!" exclaimed Mrs McQuorn in surprise. "And he certainly hasn't sunk himself yet!"

Spectator

She spoke just a little too soon.

"For, while all this had been going on, they had had an interested spectator, by the name of Benjamin. He was usually called Old Benjamin, because he was a pike of extreme age, toughness and wickedness that had terrorised Loch-na-ben for more than a decade. The sole survivor of a drastic dynamiting that had killed off all his brother cannibals, after which the loch had been completely re-stocked with trout, he had gained such knowledge and cunning that the exasperated owners had practically given up trying to catch him, having through the years dangled all colours of twinkling lures and kinds of appetising bait in front of his long, saturnine nose. Scared and supreme, he lived alone, a dark shadow among the weeds, only gliding forth when hunger called to dine off a fat trout, after a

And then Bedlam broke loose, because Old Benjamin the pike was well and truly hooked. His first act was to dive, straight out into the middle of the loch, where he went like a stone to the bottom and stayed. Uncle Edward, by suddenly developing three arms, managed to follow him there, paddling with his bailler, handling his rod and reeling in simultaneously, until he had recovered about half his line and the rod-tip pointed plumb downwards, like a London Gents Lavatory sign, to where Old Benjamin sulked.

"Damn!" roared Uncle Edward, "I've got no landing net!"

"Marcus'll bring one out to you!" yelled back Mrs McQuorn, who was hopping

about on one foot with excitement.

"No, no, no, no! Can't risk getting the line fouled! I'll bring him into shallow water! Somebody put waders on!"

As if he had heard them, Old Benjamin came rushing to the surface like a torpedo and jumped, surprisingly for a pike, scattering silver spray, his forty-inch body glistening huge and breath-taking in the moon's silver light.

"He's a monster!" shrieked Lukie, his voice cracking with middle-Eastern excitement. "My vaders, my vaders!" and he dashed into the Castle to put them on.

By the time he had come back Uncle Edward's little dinghy had proved itself, its light weight almost letting the pike tow it around, yet acting as a sluggish, exhausting brake on the fish; its smallness allowing a 360° sweep of the rod without risk of the line fouling. Why the cast did not snap is just another of those miracles that happen sometimes in fishing. The watchers on the shore were dancing and clutching at each other with the strain of the moment.

Painful Place

Then—it happened. After twenty minutes of solid fighting, Old Benjamin, with at least that much battle still left in him, took a convulsive run in the direction of the dinghy, leapt a foot in the air—and landed with a slap in Uncle Edward's lap. After a second's startled inactivity he re-

tallied in the only way he knew how.

"Yarroo!" bellowed Uncle Edward.

"What's the matter?" shrieked Mrs McQuorn, "Why don't you stun him?"

"He bit me!" howled back her brother, "And in a 111% 111 painful place!"

"Poor Eddie!" cried Aunt Mary, her hands clasped in an ecstasy of sympathy across her bosom, "Oh poor, poor, Eddie!"

3 feet

If Bedlam had broken loose before, all Hell broke loose now. It could scarcely be credited the amount of things that were happening in that dinghy. The paddle went overboard, Uncle Edward's hat went overboard, the rod very nearly followed, but was retrieved just at the last moment, the line tied itself in graceful loops and spirals round everything, the reel went overboard and at one moment it looked as if Uncle Edward was going in too.

More than three feet of extremely muscular and energetic fish in a five-foot dinghy is an awesome thing and the struggle that Uncle Edward and Old Benjamin were engaged in can be described as Homeric. Having discovered (after desperate scrabbings) his lead-weighted mahogany "priest," the dinghy-occupant found that the difficulty was (A) to get hold

of the fish (B), to hold him long enough to hit him.

For a time it seemed that Uncle Edward was destined to hit everything but. In quick succession he walloped his left knee, his right knee, his nose and his elbow, and then appeared to be turning his attentions to the dinghy, which he hit furiously several times, but at last Old Benjamin in his struggles became so entangled in the curling loops of line that Uncle Edward managed to get a firm grip for a second and caught him a resounding "clonk" upon the top of the head, which quietened him, whereupon Uncle Edward hit him four more times as hard as he could and Old Benjamin lay down to rest.

"I have caught a pike," announced Uncle Edward unnecessarily, panting.

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, well done!" cried out the crowd on the shore, jumping about and embracing one another. Uncle Edward retrieved his paddle, hat and reel and started wearily shorewards, a Conquering Hero coming home.

Then Old Benjamin bit the dinghy. It was his last act, but one magnificently worthy of the old warrior, for by it he brought down his mortal enemy. The shore committee heard a sudden, anguished yell from the fisherman and windy sighing, exclaiming sounds coming from his craft. Uncle Edward started to paddle frenziedly, shouting that he was "holed beneath the water line!" The watchers became abruptly silent, agonisedly gazing at what had become a race against time.

For a while it seemed Uncle Edward must win, as he made the foam churn behind his wild strokes, but when Old Benjamin bit, he bit well and truly, and with the air rushing now from the gaping rent he had made like a defunct steam-whistle, the once-plump walls of the dinghy began to billow ominously.

Then, with dramatic speed, Uncle Edward sank, bellowing something as he went, the wreathing sides of the dinghy closing over his head in a mournful mine of farewell. Huge bubbles came up, burst for a while, and subsided gradually. The loch waters resumed their peace; Uncle Edward's paddle, hat and reel once more floating quietly on top of them.

"He'll drown!" shrieked the ladies in tarty unison, the coming electronically to life like a forgetful Greek chorus that has been pinched from behind.

"Oh my God!" cried the men in similar unison, "So brother. He unbuttoned his coat. Old Benjamin, in all his dark glory, flopped his waders, the other two, simply out on to the stone struggling out of their floor coats."

Then, just as abruptly, Uncle Edward re-appeared, standing in about five feet of water. He shook his dominoes?



head violently and began to plough powerfully towards them, sending back long rippling waves on either side, looking like some neglected but tough old Scottish loch-god who has decided to come up and show his subjects what was what. His progress, though remarkably steady, was slow, and it seemed a long time before Lukie was able to assist him to the shore, where he was seized by many pairs of eager hands that half-dragged, half-carried him protestingly into the Castle. Throwing them rudely off, he sat down heavily on a ramshackle chair in front of the fire.

Real Sorrow

"Whisky!" he said hoarsely.

He was given the bottle and lowered it three inches in about as many swallows. He belched, fumingly.

"That's better!" he gasped, wiping his moustache. "That was a fine, fine fish, Aggie, real hooked!"

"Oh Edward!" cried Mrs McQuorn, in real sorrow. "And you've lost him!" A general groan of sympathy went up, everybody suddenly remembering.

"Lost him? Lost him? He damned!" retorted her brother. He unbuttoned his coat. Old Benjamin, in all his dark glory, flopped his waders, the other two, simply out on to the stone struggling out of their floor coats."

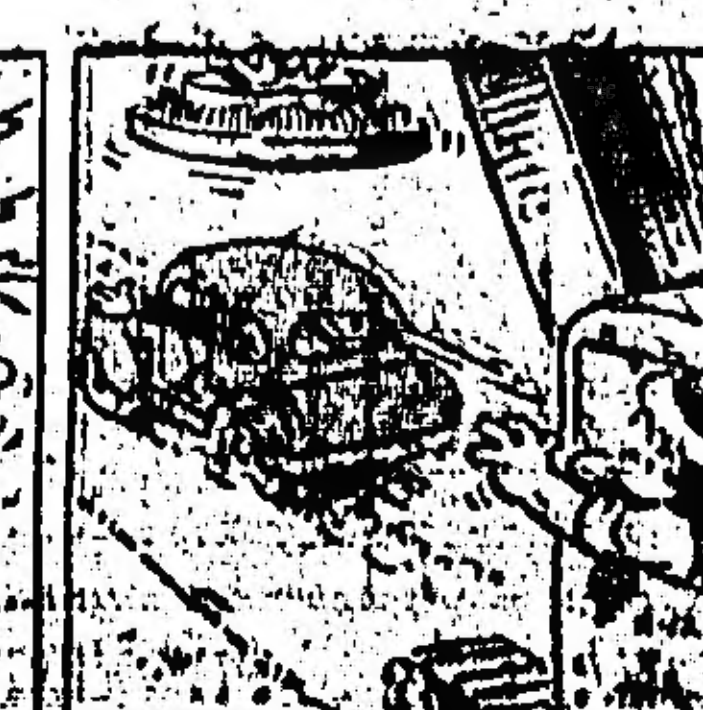
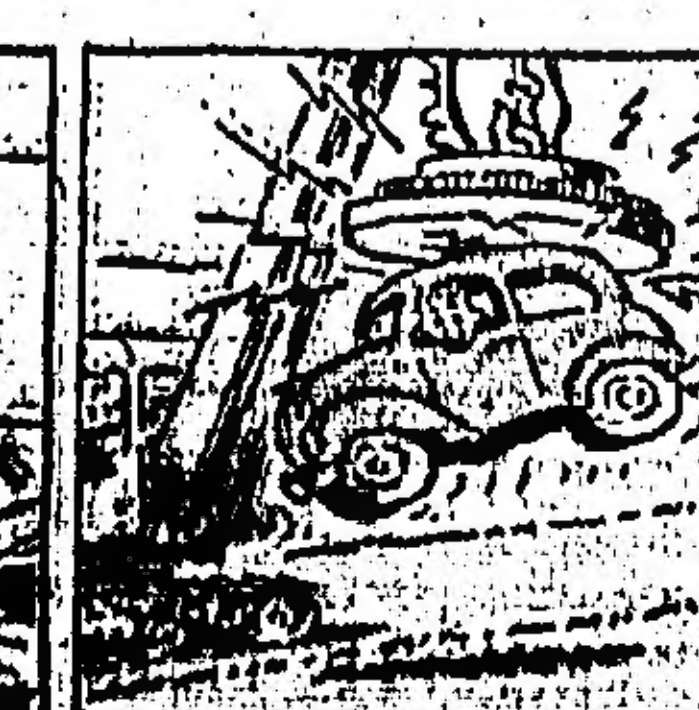
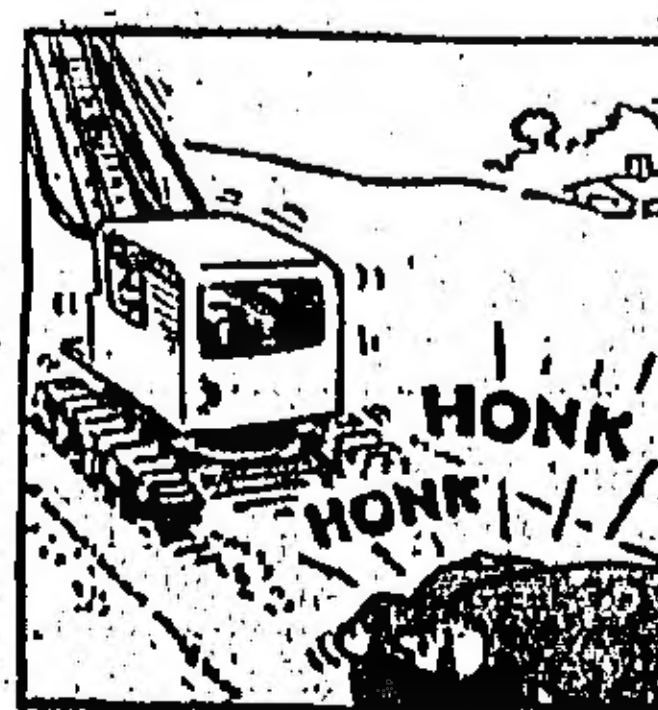
"What the blazes d'you think I was doing under the water all that time?" Uncle Edward demanded, "Playin' of water. He shook his dominoes?"



LEVELS OF DEFENCE

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FERD'NAND

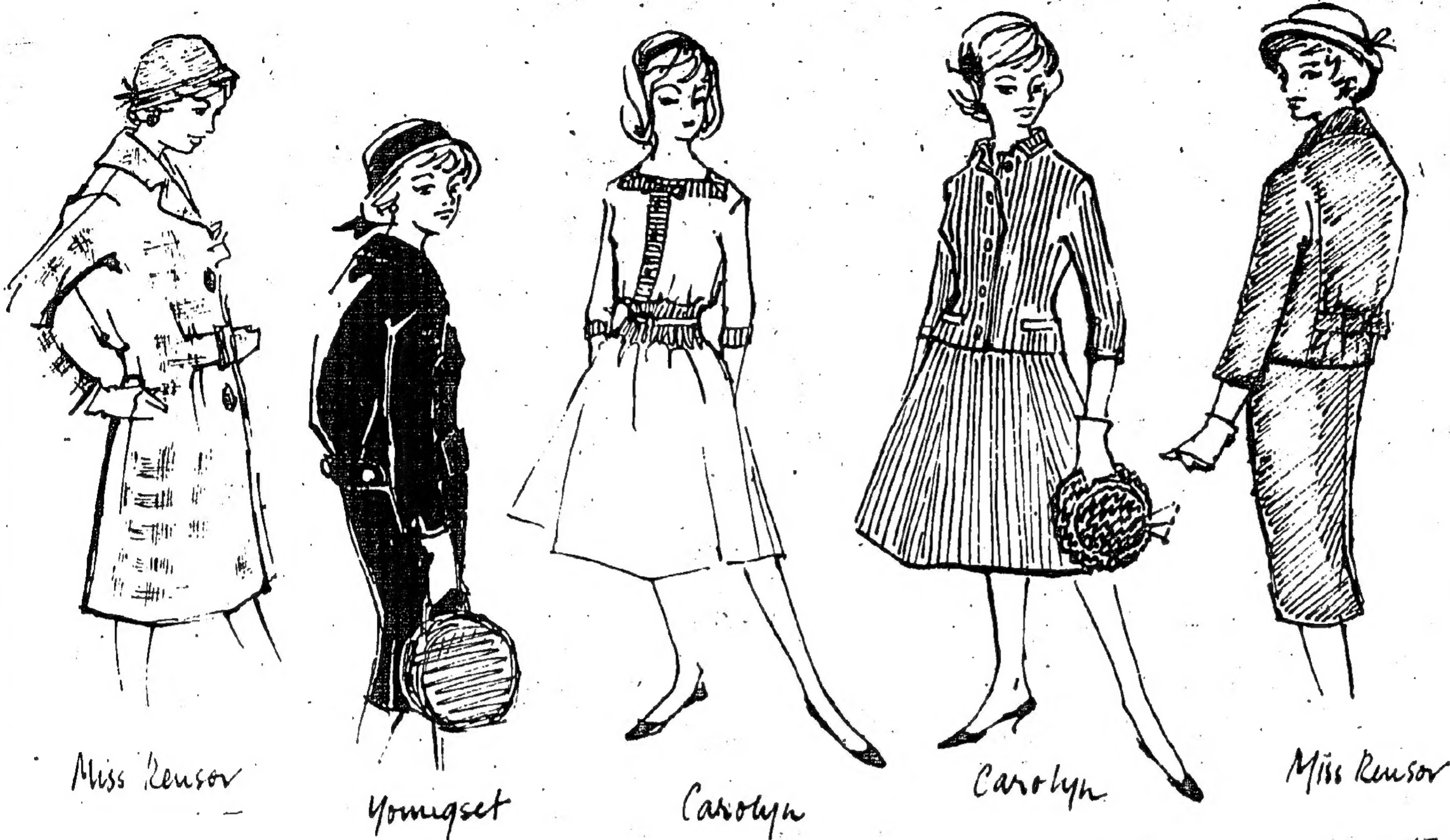


BRUSSELS FAIR
FLY
SWISSAIR

17 APR - 19 OCT

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Fashions Styled For The Young



MISS RENSOR: A spring coat in a Scotch heather mixture wool shows a compromise between the fitted and the swagger style. A half-belt in front gives the semi-fitted effect.

YOUNGSET BY ALEXON: A fashion-conscious suit sized for the teenager is similar in style to a model in women's sizes. The back fullness of the jacket is held by a buttoned half-belt. It is in a plain wool cloth or a waffle weave.

CAROLYN: A light wool jersey dress is far more practical for spring days than a thin dress over which a jacket must be worn. This pretty style has a ribbed waistline which is easily fitted. The trimming consists of bands of striped jersey to tone.

CAROLYN: A jumper suit combines the uses of a dress and that of a suit. It can be worn on all occasions on its own or under a coat on really

cool spring days. In striped wool jersey in navy and white or coffee and cream, it has all the sophistication that the teenager longs for, but it is styled and sized for her age group.

MISS RENSOR: The bloused back of this suit jacket is quite in time with today's fashions. The fullness is controlled by a bow of the material, a fine worsted cloth. The slim skirt is adjustable at the waist. A kick pleat allows walking width at the hem.

Teenagers In Spring 1958

By PATRICIA DOUGLAS

"THE accent is on youth"—this and similar headlines heralded the spring 1958 fashions. But in teenage departments the buyers are perplexed; their customers do not want to look young!

At school a girl wears short skirts and a simple gym slip. When she is on holiday or leaves school to become a career girl, she wants to look different—quite different from her old self. A longer skirt, a nipped-in waist, a well-fitted garment is the style that appeals to her. Those at least have been the guiding principles to date behind the teenage fashion trade.

One looks in vain for gay little trapeze line suits carried out in a spring-like worsted flannel. One searches the rails in teenage departments for middie jumper-suits with short holero type jackets over flared skirts, often in a worsted wool jersey, that have followed the Paris lead so quickly and appear already in fashion-conscious stores in adult sizes.

"In the last month we have certainly sold more box jacket suits than ever before," admitted the buyer of a large teenage department. "But I haven't dared suggest to my young customers that they should crop at least two inches off the hem of the skirts to make them fashion right."

SLEEVES

Another young fashion which is missing from teen-

age ranges is that of short bracelet-length sleeves. Where a jacket is cropped to the top of the hip the line is spoiled when the sleeve is longer than the hem of the jacket. "Our customers will not stand for anything but a full-length sleeve," said the director of a well-known suit and coat house. "When we show them a model with the shorter sleeve the buyers stipulate that they will only put down an order if the sleeves are made full length."

Sizing in teenage departments presents another great problem. Where a store has a separate showroom for this age group the merchandise tends to be gayer and more up-to-date than when the "teens" are merely the top end of the children's departments.

Sometimes it is amalgamated with the small woman's fashions and becomes part of the so-called debutante or younger-set shop. For the 17-year-old and over, this is often more satisfactory so long as her figure has reached some stage of maturity and she has also developing a fashion sense.

SIZES

The younger and smaller teenager has difficulty in being fitted if clothes are not sized to her different proportions. She cannot be classified under the usual bust, waist and hip measurements. She is shorter from neck to waist than her grown-up sister and consequently her waist measure-

ment is likely, for the time being, to be larger.

At DANIEL NEAL, where school outfitting takes priority, they find that on the whole girls at boarding school tend to be rather plumper than the same age group at day school. As soon as they leave school, whether at 15 or 18, girls become figure-conscious and their sizing alters accordingly.

These are all problems that the buyer of a teenage department has to contend with. To these she must add the fact that half of her young customers want to look too grown-up in styles that do anything but flatter their immature figures. The others prefer to play safe in classic styles so long as colours and fabrics are young and gay.

At this time of the year the demand is primarily for suits and separates. Spring coats in lightweight tweeds and wool cloths are an extra that only the school-leaver is likely to buy.

STRAIGHT

The young fashion is for the straight coat buttoned to the neckline which may have a deep choirboy collar. Fitted coats, which are difficult to adjust on differing sizes (and impossible to adjust to keep pace with growing), are still occasionally asked for (so often by the plump girl in the mistaken idea that by wearing a fitted garment she will appear smaller). Fitted tweeds in light colours, honeycomb

weave woollens in pastels and off-white, and lightweight velours in bright shades, such as royal and geranium, are the most popular choice in materials.

In the MISS RENSOR range they show an attractive coat which is a compromise between fitted and swagger styles. In Scottish wool in a misty heather mixture the coat is cut in a straight style but held to the waist in front by a half-belt tied over the buttons. An edge-to-edge, collarless coat with turnback sleeves in a flecked wool is useful for slipping over dresses (D. H. EVANS).

Instead of a full-length coat the young girl often prefers a casual coat of the duffle variety. This can be worn for sports, with slacks and skirts or over a dress when necessary.

DUFFLE COATS

At D.H. Evans in their teenage department they have duffles in wool fleeces lined with a miniature tartan in wool. This tartan is cleverly matched in slacks tapered to the ankle. To complete the outfit the department also stocks BAINES WEAR pure wool jumpers and button-through cardigans in special "teen" sizes. Though fully fashioned these garments are still reasonably priced.

ALEXON in their YOUNGSET range have some pretty suits in a waffle weave wool in pastel shades of pink, turquoise and cream. The best-selling number is styled with a slightly bloused back held by two buttoned tabs over a slim skirt.

In the Miss Rensor range they show several suits in the popular light navy worsted. The jackets are short and only semi-fitted or even straight and the skirts are slim. Here they wisely make most skirts adjustable at the waist.

By MANFIELD MANTELS, an inexpensive suit with a very modern look in beige canvas weave wool with the look of jersey has a simple short square cut jacket and slim skirt.

Where a girl is still growing fast or her measurements change in a matter of months, she is wise to buy a separate jacket and skirt. She may take one size in the jacket and quite a different one in the skirt to get the best possible fit.

BLAZERS

The blazer type jacket, double breasted and often buttoned with gilt buttons, is the best-seller. In worsted flannel or a light velours, they are particularly liked in off-white and natural shades; light navy is chosen by the more sophisticated girl (Daniel Neal). These are often worn with pleated skirts. A skirt of flat knife pleats is infinitely more flattering for the "hippy" figure of the average teenager. In a worsted cloth the pleats are perfectly durable.

Until she can wear her summer holiday dresses, the teenager now has the choice of charming styles in wool jersey. CAROLYN, who has the prettiest range of young styles, show three variations of these dresses with slightly full skirt eased on to a ribbed waistband. The necklines, which vary between square, round or deeply

scooped, are finished with bands of wool jersey in a matching stripe.

The jumper suits in wool jersey by the same manufacturer are equally attractive and not too sophisticated. They are very carefully fitted at the neck and shoulders and are given adjustable semi-fitted waists.

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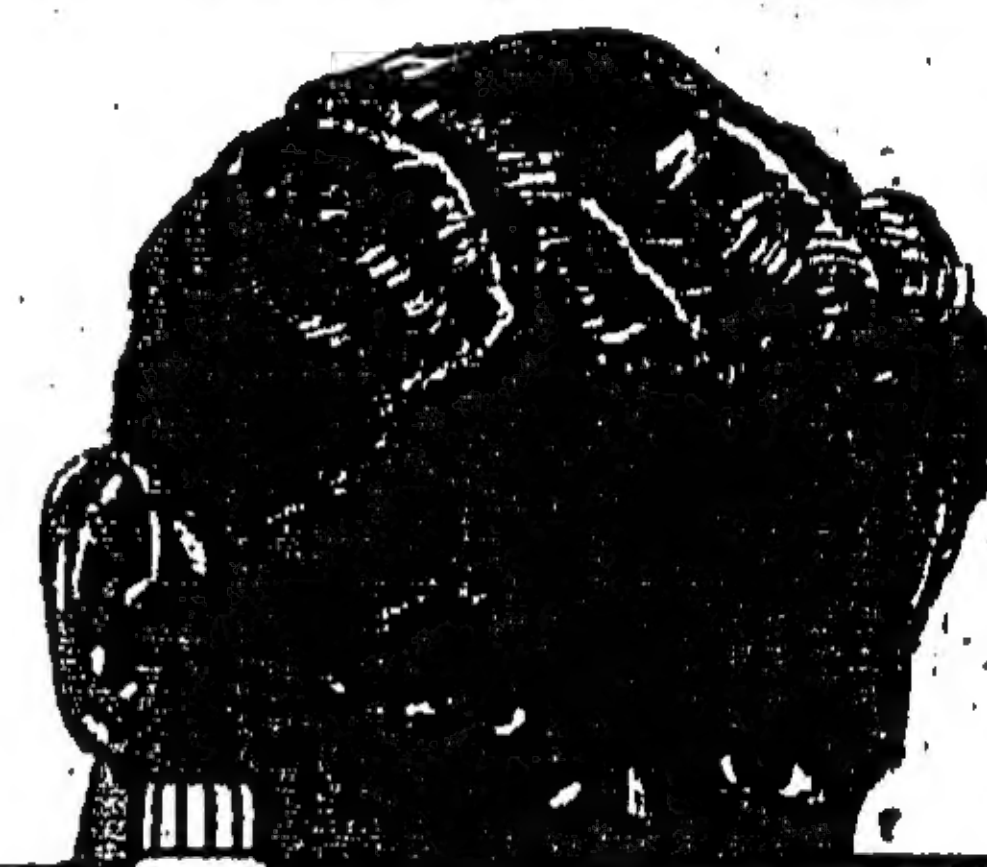
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Lady Claughton, Royal School of Music examiner, with Mr D. J. Fraser on arrival at Kbi Tak for the Schools Music Festival.

Staff Photographer



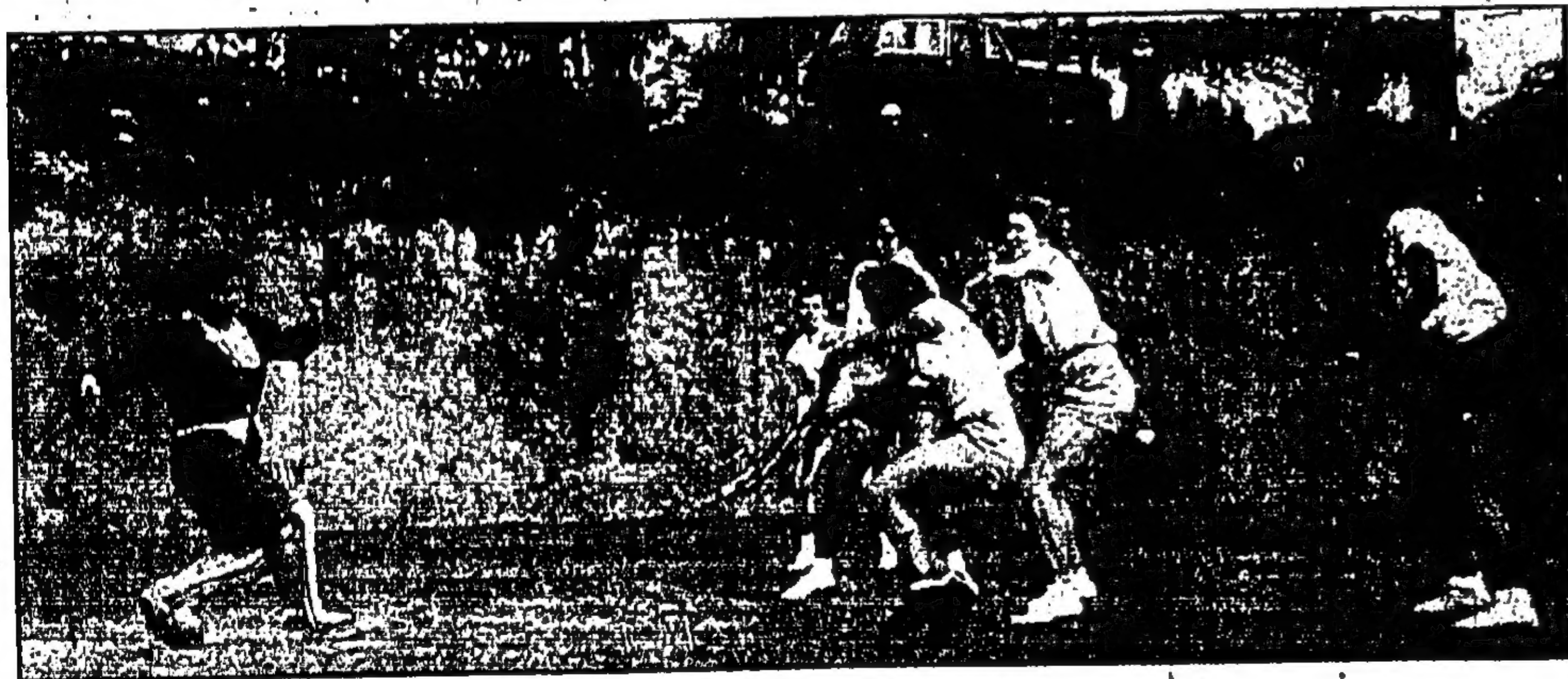
Mrs E. H. Warne, chairman of the Marianne Reich Group, addressing a meeting attended by Lady Black. From the left: Mrs Warne, Lady Black, Mrs A. Sommerfeld, and Mrs D. Scoles. RIGHT: Mrs Wong Fung-ngan during celebrations connected with Chinese Women's Day. At the same party BELOW are from the left: Miss Lau Lane, Mrs Kwok Shou-hing, Miss Lam Choi-chai, and Mrs Lilla Ma Luk.



Players are seen in action (LEFT & BELOW) at King's Park during a hard fought replay for the Hockey Cup in which The Gramlins knocked Recreio "A" out with a goal by J. Newton in the last five minutes of the match.

RIGHT: Mr H. S. Mak presenting a cup to Bryan Draper, a member of the Black Team. ... Colony Champions and winners of the Mak shield.

Staff Photographers



The Rev. J. E. Sandbach laying the foundation stone of Methodist College, Gascoigne Road, Kowloon. The building will rise to five storeys in two months and accommodate 500 students.

Staff Photographer

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Performers of the Japanese Shochiku Revue are seen on their arrival at Kai Tak.

Staff Photographer

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SUB-ZERO FROZEN FOOD
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GILMANS



ABOVE: Mr Noel Craig, Chairman of the South China Morning Post Staff Club proposes a toast to the Hon. C. Blaker, Chairman of the Company, at a farewell reception last Monday. (CENTRE) Miss Mabel Ng presents a corsage to Mrs Blaker. (TOP RIGHT) Mr Craig speaking to Mrs Blaker and Mr H. J. Armstrong.



ABOVE & LEFT: Sir Robert Black is seen with Mr Evan Stewart, Headmaster of St Paul's School. RIGHT: Crowds who gathered to see the Governor later in his tour of educational establishments.



RIGHT: Scorpions v Army North ... at Chater Road. BELOW: Group photograph taken at a reception, by members of the Legislative Council for the Hon. and Mrs Cedric Blaker.



Mr Mohamid Bharwani and his bride Chandra Karamchand seen after their wedding at the Peninsula Hotel.

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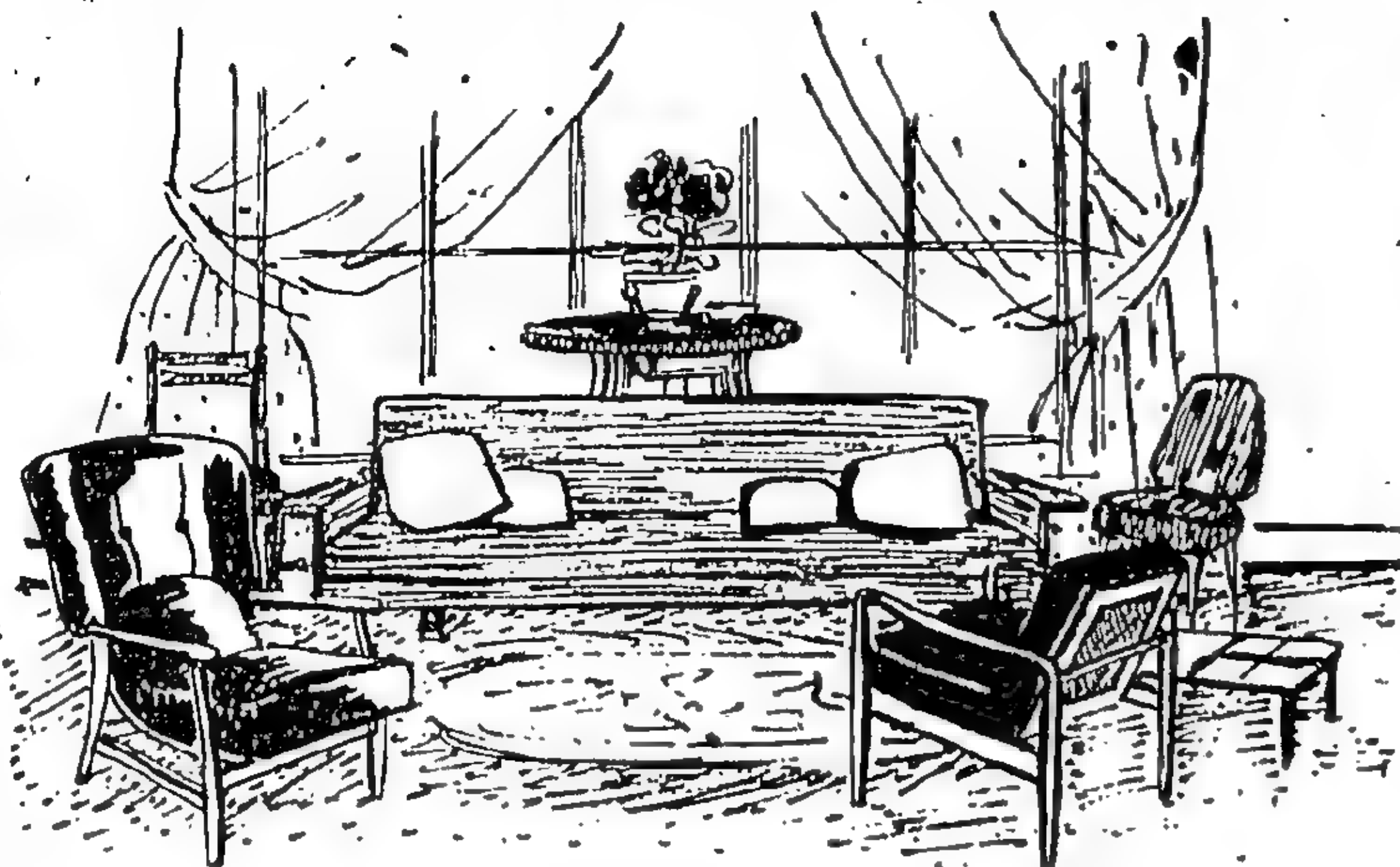
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NEW LOOK IN FURNITURE

By PATRICIA DOUGLAS

"A room with a view" has a new meaning in modern homes. The television set is now the focal point in many living-rooms, in which the furniture is bought and placed to give the best entertainment value.

When furniture was grouped round the fireplace in winter and turned to face the window in summer (the three-piece suite with its two over-stuffed armchairs and the three cushion sofa (so uncomfortable for the person in the middle!) was one of the most important items in any furnishing budget. This has now been rivalled by the fashion for having one really large divan settee, which may almost stretch the whole length of one wall, plus a few small occasional chairs as individual units. These, incidentally, can also be combined to make another important piece of furniture.



In a large room or in a combined living-room and dining-room home designers have introduced the idea of the curved settee. This may be used to divide the room into its two separate parts, but in a more friendly and homely way than by a rigid piece of furniture such as a sideboard or unit bookcase.

Sectional Furniture

Such a settee is made by CINTIQUE who find that sectional furniture is far more useful in the average home than any piece of determined size. The curved corner section takes up only four square feet of floor space and is a cosy conversational affair. To each side of this, one or more single sections can be added. These can also be used as individual chairs in other

parts of the room when a change in the layout is wanted.

All the upholstery of these units is in hard wearing woollen materials, usually in two contrasting colours.

The convertible settee (either of 4-ft. double bed width or 2 ft. 9 in. single bed size) is a most practical and at the same time attractive piece of modern furniture (by HILLE). Unlike the more usual divan it gives no hint of its secondary use as a comfortable extra bed. Yet it is very simply adjusted by a sliding action which brings the sofa back down to make space and is a cosy conversational affair. To each side of this, one or more single sections can be added. These can also be used as individual chairs in other

clever neutral background for brightly coloured scatter cushions.

Curved Backs

Few of the modern chairs have stuffed arms. The trend in their design is rather for a curved back, padded to support the lower part of the spine and caressingly shaped to shield the sitter from draughts. The mahogany arms and legs become part of the design, rather than merely additional "pegs" on which the chair rests.

For these, Yorkshire tweeds in rich purples and peacock blues are used as are handwoven tweeds and wool boucle cloths in neutral tones with an occasional brilliant contrast. Wool moquette, both cut and uncut (plain and patterned), is still the top favourite hardwearing fabric.

Modern upholstery is often carried out in two colours and a popular idea in home furnishing is to introduce two contrasting colours in reverse ways in different items. A settee might have a black seat and back on the sitter's side while the outside—in the same fabric—is in a brilliant contrast. The chairs in the same room will show a reverse of the colour scheme.

Two-coloured

This two-coloured idea is most attractively carried out in a suite by S. MORRIS

AND SONS OF LEEDS in their Contessa range. The upholstery material is 100 per cent pure lambswool with a soft and shaggy surface. Two shades of slate blue, light and dark, are reversed on two chairs and a small settee.

The material has the luxury look of a lambswool rug—it makes the perfect chair for a pretty bedroom—though one might be afraid that its long-haired texture would pick up dirt, especially when made in the pastel shades. The makers, however, give the assurance that the material is easily cleaned by rubbing it over with a damp cloth rung out in detergent foam.

The cost of upholstering today is very high. Skilled workers are at a premium and even the smallest repair work costs about twice as much as one would expect. So it is sensible and practical for furnishing materials to be of the very best quality. Second best may be cheaper originally but usually works out far more expensive in the end.

The manufacturers of good furniture are fully aware of this and when selecting upholstery materials for their newest designs almost invariably choose from among these new woollens. They have been proved to give at least as long and hard wear as the springs and stuffing of the furniture.



PUSH A BUTTON

THE MIRACLE KITCHEN of work (left to right): a self-propelled serving cart emerges from a base cabinet and delivers table service from a dishwasher mechanism in the wall to the dining table. Table foods are stored in panel shelves which drop down to an accessible level at the wave of a hand. The refrigerator also may be wared down from a wall cabinet. A mobile floor cleaner scans the kitchen floor, returns to its wall recess, and is automatically recharged for the next cleaning job. These remote-control operations are directed from the freestanding planning centre—heart and brain of the kitchen.

WAVE YOUR HAND—AND YOU BAKE A CAKE

NEW YORK.

FOODS that cook in seconds on completely cold surfaces, cupboards that open with an airy wave of the hand, floor cleaners and china trolleys that scurry about intelligently on their own... poltergeists, you say? No—just one more beautiful tribute of America's scientists to America's homemakers, as they call their wives and mothers here (sounds less enslaved and more constructive than our word housewife).

Aware that it could only lead to disharmony between me and my little old gas cooker, I took a plunge into kitchen outer space and went to see the Whirlpool Miracle Kitchen, "the laboratory of kitchen ideas for the future."

A CURBER

The "Future" line is just a curber on enthusiasm because though all the miracles are working beautifully, they are not yet in production.

The first thing about the miracle kitchen which is being exhibited on tour is that you can't see a thing in it to remind you of a kitchen. In the middle is a perky looking object, straight from the cockpit of a space ship. This is your planning centre from which you need never stir all day. Rows of levers and buttons give you the efficiency potential of a colonel in the Catering Corps, head of a TV department and a graduate of M.I.5.

Before you is a small television through which you can survey the goings-on in the rest of the house, as well as giving a preview of who is at the front or back doors.

Ordinary TV, in all colours and sizes, is flashed on to wall panels facing you wherever you go, since it is un-American to be out of sight of a TV screen.

A REMINDER

A voice (your own) softly croons: "The bridge club will arrive at noon for lunch." You recorded this reminder yesterday and your time set reminding recorder is now giving you, if you were just an ordinary housewife instead of an outer space homemaker, a nasty jolt. No need to worry, however, until about five minutes before the bridge club actually arrives.

Now, if you can wrench your self from that control chair and walk over to one of those pleasant-looking panels and



Being in two places at once is almost possible with this rotating TV monitor in the kitchen...

wave your hand at it rather in the manner of a royal lady, your refrigerators, store cupboards and can arsenal will emerge with a subdued electronic growl "grrr."

Or, if you find it easier to sit at your planning centre and flash an up-to-the-minute food inventory on to a wall panel you can check supplies that way.

by
ANNE
SHARPLEY

You might actually decide to make some original cooked food for your friends. Then you flash a few menus on to the wall. I am afraid you will have to get up at this point and go and wave your hand at the air-conditioned vegetable store. "Grrr" it goes and you throw your vegetables into their preparator unit, with a choice of buttons that read "Peel, slice, dice, chop, grate, crush and juice." While you are there help yourself at the beverage dispenser where any known beverages at any known temperature is there at the touch of a button, plus growing drink cupboards and growing glass stores and ice in any form you could mention.

OPENED

Cans of food you dial for—and they arrive ready opened, if you so desire. Don't forget to keep flicking in to all the rest of the rooms in the house to see on your screen that all is well. And if you want to change the colour of the cinema organ type lighting that glows around you, consult the mood lighting system and change or mix the colours to suit your mood.

Cooking you can do two ways. There is the white cool shelf around your planning centre which, in fact, is your cooking range; or there is a fragile-looking clear plastic box that looks more like something to preserve orchids in than to cook a joint.

The cooking range stays cold as a ski slope, no matter how many pots you have bubbling on it, and should a cooking small fire the electronic purifying system will soon take care of that.

Baking a cake? Wave your hand again and down comes a complete mixing unit with beaters, whippers and whatnots that are cleaned by high frequency waves the second you retract them (as are all saucepans, ovens and implements).

Your clear plastic oven will cook your cake in three minutes. It rises before your very eyes with micro waves and stays as cold as a cucumber frame. Too much trouble to actually cook? Then you can always do a little dialling and button-pushing... and the whole meal will be looked after by your magic metal-maker which moves the foods into their proper cooking and warming compartments without you thinking about it further.

A CLEANER

Should something have fallen on your spotless floor, you press another button and a self-propelled cleaner, like a futuristic clockwork mouse, eerily darts about vacuuming, washing and drying it for you.

You press another button to select whether you will use your best or second-best china—and out creeps a trolley carrying your choice to the table (after the meal it will take it back and wash it all for you. All gadgets lock after their own ways, dispensing and cleaning, blast them).

The doorbell rings—you take a swift look through your TV screen. It's the bridge club—all ready to be greeted with no impersonal "I've had a terrible morning—such a rug."

—London Express Bureau



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Next time you're shopping for wool, ask to see the wonderful colour range in soft Lister's Lavenda.

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Hide and seek! Encircle him with this supple Pioneer Mellow-tone belt. Hand stained was duplied for that expensive look.

Pioneer
the mark of a man

Star in stripes: The stripe's the thing in this Pioneer elastic belt, slim and smooth, with smart leather trim. Perfect for collegiates and post grade alike.



By IDA BAILEY

"REMEMBER when we were on tour in Australia, Madame, giving those big theatre food presentations?" reminisced the Chef. "And how interested the

Australian ladies were when we demonstrated Cream Puffs Melba!" "We filled the cream puff shells with ice cream, Chef," I said, "and served them topped with Melba sauce and whipped cream."

PARTY PUFFS

"Our Australian friends would be equally enthusiastic over our new tiny party salad puffs to serve as a hot hors d'oeuvre with the hot crab meat, salmon, or chicken almond filling. A nestle of whipped cream cheese should be placed on each."

Party Salad Puffs: Make up 1 recipe standard cream puff dough or use the new cream puff mix. In either case, make very small puffs using 1/4 tsp. dough per puff. Drop on baking sheet.

Bake about 10 min. in a moderate oven, 375° F. or until puffy and browned. Fill while hot with hot crab meat, salmon or chicken salad for a hot hors d'oeuvre. Makes about 40 puffs. Cream Puff Dough: In a saucepan, combine 1 c. boiling water and 1/2 c. butter or margarine. Meantime, sift together 1 c. already-sifted enriched flour

and 1/2 tsp. salt. Stir all at once into the boiling mixture. Cook, stir constantly until dough forms a ball and leaves sides of pan clean. Cool. Add 4 eggs, one at a time, thoroughly beating in each before adding the next. Finish as previously directed.

SUNDAY DINNER

Celery Saladettes
Nut Dressing
Roast Beef au Jus
Pan Roast Potatoes and Onions

Raisin Gingerbread
Whipped Topping
Coffee Tea Milk
Orange Shortcake New England: This easy-to-prepare is a perfect finish to a dinner starting oyster stew.

Just bake one recipe rich baking powder biscuit dough in a thin layer in a 7 x 11-in. shallow pan. Cut in halves, butter generously, put together and top with slightly warmed, sugared sliced oranges and their juice.

TOMORROW'S DINNER
Herbed Oyster Stew in Bowls
Warm Seeded Rolls
Egg-Asparagus-Lettuce Salad
Orange Shortcake
Coffee Tea Milk

Herbed Oyster Stew Heat 2 1/2 c. milk. Separately heat 1 pt. shucked or thawed frozen oysters and

their juice with 2 tbsp. butter or margarine, 1/4 tsp. ground black pepper, 1/16 tsp. onion powder and 1/4 tsp. crumbled whole thyme leaves.

When the oysters curl, add the heated milk. Add salt to taste. Garnish with minced parsley.

Egg-Asparagus Salad: Drain and dice the contents 1 (1 lb.) can asparagus. Add 1 c. shredded heart with poppy, celery or catenay leaves of lettuce, 1/4 c. sliced seed, brush them lightly with an egg yolk mixed with 2 tsp. milk, dressing mixed with 1 tsp. strewn on and bake as directed on the pkg.

Add 3 sliced hard-cooked eggs. Arrange on shredded lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise and 1 chopped hard-cooked egg. Top each salad with a stuffed olive or bit of pickle.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Top ready-to-brown rolls with poppy, celery or catenay seed, brush them lightly with an egg yolk mixed with 2 tsp. milk, strewn on and bake as directed on the pkg.



FOR AFTERNOON tea or party refreshments, fill hot cream puff shells with either hot crab meat, salmon or chicken salad.

SOMETHING NEW IN HOT HORS D'OEUVRES

and 1/2 tsp. salt. Stir all at once into the boiling mixture. Cook, stir constantly until dough forms a ball and leaves sides of pan clean. Cool. Add 4 eggs, one at a time, thoroughly beating in each before adding the next. Finish as previously directed.

SUNDAY DINNER

Celery Saladettes
Nut Dressing
Roast Beef au Jus
Pan Roast Potatoes and Onions

Raisin Gingerbread
Whipped Topping
Coffee Tea Milk
Orange Shortcake New England: This easy-to-prepare is a perfect finish to a dinner starting oyster stew.

Just bake one recipe rich baking powder biscuit dough in a thin layer in a 7 x 11-in. shallow pan. Cut in halves, butter generously, put together and top with slightly warmed, sugared sliced oranges and their juice.

TOMORROW'S DINNER
Herbed Oyster Stew in Bowls
Warm Seeded Rolls
Egg-Asparagus-Lettuce Salad
Orange Shortcake
Coffee Tea Milk

Herbed Oyster Stew Heat 2 1/2 c. milk. Separately heat 1 pt. shucked or thawed frozen oysters and

their juice with 2 tbsp. butter or margarine, 1/4 tsp. ground black pepper, 1/16 tsp. onion powder and 1/4 tsp. crumbled whole thyme leaves.

When the oysters curl, add the heated milk. Add salt to taste. Garnish with minced parsley.

Egg-Asparagus Salad: Drain and dice the contents 1 (1 lb.) can asparagus. Add 1 c. shredded heart with poppy, celery or catenay leaves of lettuce, 1/4 c. sliced seed, brush them lightly with an egg yolk mixed with 2 tsp. milk, dressing mixed with 1 tsp. strewn on and bake as directed on the pkg.

Add 3 sliced hard-cooked eggs. Arrange on shredded lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise and 1 chopped hard-cooked egg. Top each salad with a stuffed olive or bit of pickle.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Top ready-to-brown rolls with poppy, celery or catenay seed, brush them lightly with an egg yolk mixed with 2 tsp. milk, strewn on and bake as directed on the pkg.

THE LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI

DURING September, 1949, Shanghai was struck by a great typhoon. Like the trumpet of prophecy, a giant wind lifted ageless trees and hurled them into the streets and gardens, symbolic of all that was taking place.

Torrential rain turned Shanghai into one huge lake, and for days the water ebbed and flowed along the highways of the town.

The destruction was considerable, not least among those unfortunate people who built their homes of odds and ends they found scattered about the affluent district of Hungjiao. The desperate plight of these poor people did not go unnoticed, and a remarkable letter appeared in the North China Daily News. Three wise men from Hungjiao wrote to the paper pointing out the lot of their poor neighbours. They proposed a subscription should be raised to rebuild the flimsy houses of those who had suffered damage from the typhoon, and they headed the subscription list with three substantial donations.

I read this letter with considerable interest, both for its contents and its sentiments. The three spoke of their neighbours, they used that word; they revealed their sentiments as three highly public spirited men. They published their names for all Shanghai to see them. It proclaimed for all to see that whatever other foreigners might be like, these men were friends of the people. The fact that they were emotionally unable to use the proletarian 'Comrade' and compromised with the plebeian 'Neighbour' in no wise detracted from their sentiments. Unfortunately, all this was lost on the Communists. One can only assume that they considered that if it takes you twenty or thirty years to discover your neighbour, you have left it too late. On the other hand, the three subscribed subscription list was a very useful indicator as to the amounts the Communists could extract, acting on the assumption that a man can be forced to give ten times as much as he willingly gives. And that they did, and they mulcted with such effect that in a matter of weeks the small commercial institutions were ruined, and the vast institutions of a hundred years of prosperous trading were crippled.

But still the Communists went on asking and demanding, and such frantic cables which were sent demanding Sterling and dollars from the outside world were granted priority.

It was a fine game. While we stayed we paid, we had to. The only thing was, to get away, but we could not. We were trapped like rats in a trap, but we had to pay dearly for our board, and lodging.

And all the time we were cut off from the outside world. We had no notion whatever what was happening. In Britain the Labour

Government was in power, and we assumed such a Government could make some representation to China on our behalf. But such was not the case, and gradually one began to entertain the horrible thought that we were expendable, and had been sacrificed to the idea that we should hold our ground while the Government of China changed hands. Gradually, as winter came, we began to look to that feeling of comradeship, and there was nothing stuffy about the majority of the people. Sense of dignity and self-importance which can and does mar such occasions had short shrift in Shanghai. So it was on this, one of the first of the last of all great occasions, the high and the low mingled in revellings such as delighted the most abandoned and homesick Scotsmen, and the pibroch summoned all who could make it, to the longest bar in the world.

Round and round and in and out whirled the couples through the fantastic patterns of the Eightsome Reel. Not the way it is done in Hongkong by a number of solemn faced Sassenachs mincing a dainty toe, but with that carefree abandon the dance calls for, and certainly got that Wednesday night, the 30th of November, 1949. But it was not only in fun and games that the Shanghaiander excelled. Whatever duties he had assumed with his profession, he performed as if conscious that it was to be 'never again'.

So as Christmas drew near, we at the school faced the last examinations. External influences and worry about the future placed a heavy strain on the teaching staff, especially those who were responsible for the Upper Sixth and their coming examination. For, more sensible than Hongkong in this kind of thing, our public examinations were held in December in order that we escaped the grilling temperature of the Oriental June. We took the Cambridge Senior Examination, but Cambridge was far away, and no papers came through. A call to Hongkong initiating a cable to Cambridge brought the reply that the examination papers had been sent long ago. We dare not fail to hold the examination and Cambridge rallied to our support. By a fantastic route which eventually brought a set of papers into Tientsin, one set of papers eventually arrived in Shanghai where copies were run off in my office, that is, all but the History papers, my own subject. Another member of the staff ran them off in case I should yield to temptation and take a peek. Whether the Examiners in Cambridge were kind and sympathised with our lonely lot, I don't know. I like to think not, for we obtained a record number of distinctions. The children who sat that year are now young men and women, and as I hear from them from time to time, and some of the letters originate from great universities all over the world, I think the teaching staff did a great job in

that last of all examination terms. As Christmas drew near, pressure on the community became well nigh unendurable. The lot of those who had fled before previous persecutions was really pathetic. Jews who had fled from Hitler and the persecutions of Europe, and had established a home in Shanghai were in a pathetic plight. With rapidly diminishing resources they eked out a precarious living, and with us, longed for the day which should announce the arrival of a relief ship.

Dreadful tales began to percolate through the community. The British community held together, but such strugglers who were stateless were in desperate circumstances. And some, unable to endure a remote future of aimless wandering



So we came to the last St Andrew's Night to be held in the Shanghai Club.

lifetime of dreadful poverty. And seeing no mercy, and giving no mercy in his affluent days, he is given no mercy.

Not one thousandth of a second too soon, as one voice, the mob pronounces its sentence. "Death!" Strip-

one attended, and the lofty aisles, illumined by a thousand candles brought hope and courage to many a disconsolate heart. For the last time in such a manner, did the ancient carols, so precisely English, thunder up into the shadowed crevices of the Cathedral. "Ding Dong, Merrily on High" chanted the choir, "O Come All Ye Faithful" answered the congregation. "Our Lady sat within her bowers," whispered the choir, and in such manner came Christmas.

Cut off, isolated, and seemingly forgotten, came Christmas to the community within Shanghai.

Festive meals in grand style were available. The rounds of greetings were made, a great deal of chatter, and a certain amount of fun, but over everything loomed the spectre of despair.

Were we forgotten? Were we to be left here without any official representation? Was this another experiment of the British Government that had failed to come off?

So Christmas went, and the old year faded away. Early in January we heard rumours soon to be confirmed. The British Government was getting ready to recognise the People's Democratic Government of China.

Next Week:
RECOGNITION

by John Luff

ber 22, 1949, we were invited to the last of the Rotary Club's Christmas Tiffins. This institution was well established, and on such occasions, Mrs W.J. Hawkins, gave a seasonable address. Looking through the programme, I see that we sang community carols, while the choir from the British school sang "The Merry Holly", "I saw Three Ships", and assisted the Cathedral double quartet in singing, "The Holy and the Ivy".

The international character of the choir is not without interest. The members are scattered all over the world. Some of them are married, and some of them are making considerable progress in the professions they have chosen. Read the names and thus trace the task a school can do, a task too large for such an institution as UNO. Alice, Barrie, Serene, Billimoria, Elsie, Carlson, Henrietta, Dietrich, Vera, Eynstone, Irene, Ginteroff, Josephine, Henry, Ann, Murray, Jane, Murray, Helene, Papanoff, Till von Randow, Rabie von Randow, Edith, Stevenson (Chinese) Zereze Talati.

At about the same time, a Candlelight Carol Service was held at the Cathedral. Every-

There is no mercy in the eyes of the mob who shall with one terrible voice deliver their verdict. In vain does this man who has plundered the pockets of the poor look for mercy. Only a sea of eyes, hard eyes, cruel eyes, eyes that have seen a

WINTER OF DISCONTENT

time when Britain should officially recognise the People's Democratic Republic of China, as being our only hope of escape, but as the days grew longer, so did our faces. England seemed an awfully long way away. But if this should seem a picture of gloom, such was not the case. Whatever depressing thoughts we entertained privately, we were careful not to express publicly. As a community, we were aware that we were the last few of a great host that had swarmed from Europe over the last hundred years, and we were also aware that we might in our persons pay for such humiliations that had been inflicted upon the forefathers of those who now held us captive. But, such thoughts we kept to ourselves. We entered into the phrase: "The last of everything as it was." Historically, that is not quite true. The last two Scotsmen left alive when this planet is a cold and dying thing, will meet to celebrate Burns' Night, and so, after we had left Shanghai, some sort of celebration was held to mark the important days in our calendar. But in the sense that we were still a considerable community, we saw the last of everything staged in its old surroundings.

No Capitulation

SO came the last St Andrew's Night to be held at the Shanghai Club, and looking over the programme, I recall that on that occasion, there was no capitulation to care or anxiety. In short, we really let ourselves go.

The great difference between your Shanghaiander and your Hongkongite is the sense in which he approaches such occasions. The community in Shanghai mixed better, there was a better

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Thinking ahead...

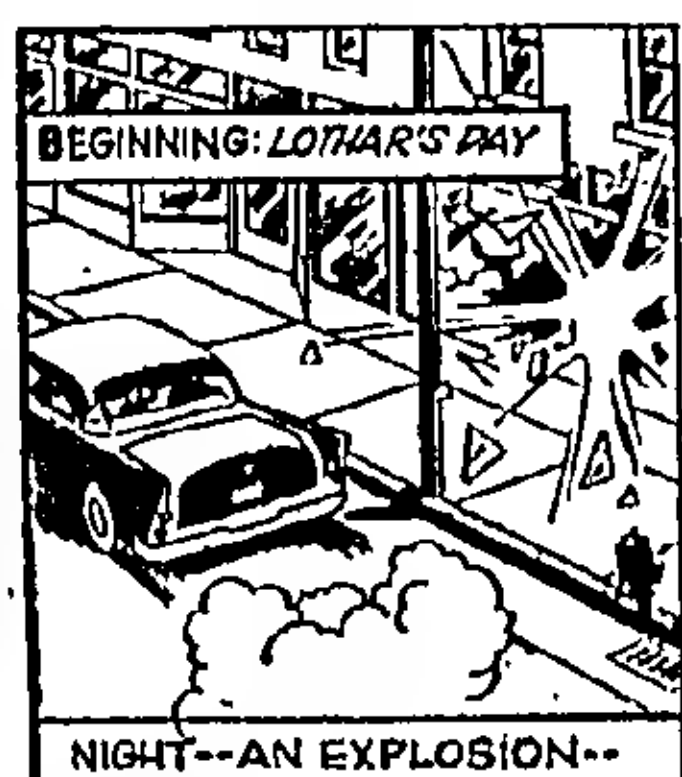


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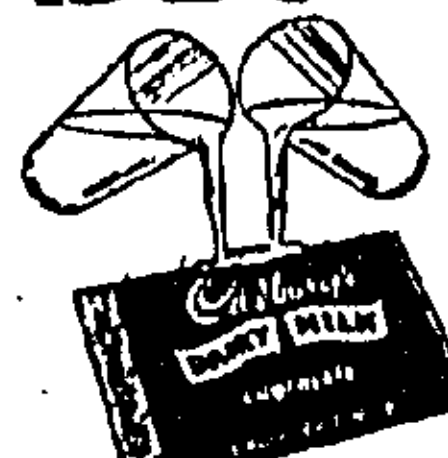
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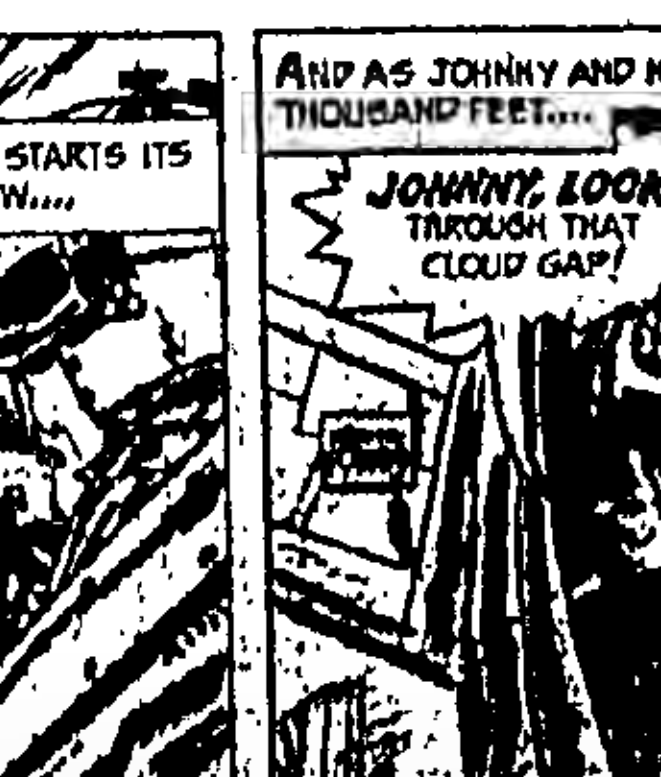
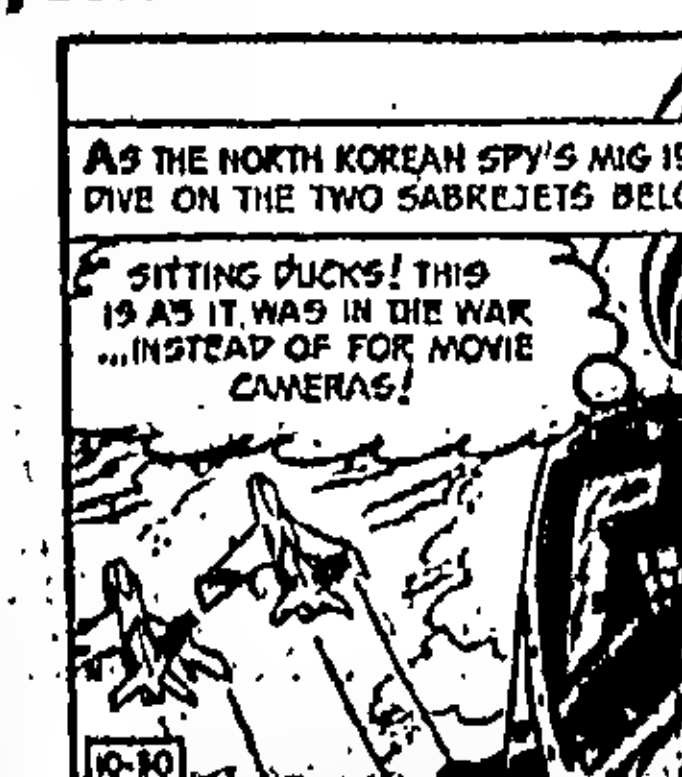
By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

There's More than Magic in
CADBURY'S



THERE'S A GLASS AND A HALF OF FULL CREAM IN EVERY 715 BAR

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

AUSTIN

have
A WIDE RANGE
OF CARS
for

HOME LEAVE

METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.

The editor joins up

... BUT AFTER SIX MONTHS IN ALGERIA
HE COMES BACK TONGUE-TIED

LIUTENANT IN ALGERIA. By J. J. Servan-Schreiber.
Hutchinson, 16s.

THE publication of this book will introduce British readers to one of France's most brilliant editors and one of its most controversial figures, Servan-Schreiber. He was called up in 1955 when he was 32, in circumstances which suggested that the Government were trying to silence a powerful propagandist against its Algerian policy. When the call-up papers were withdrawn at the last moment he insisted on volunteering—and this book is a novelistic account of his six months' service in Algeria.

Servan-Schreiber is a strong supporter of Mendes France and his weekly paper L'Express is dedicated to this cause. He has the distinction of once having been challenged to a duel by a French Prime Minister.

A slight, stout young man with a crew cut he runs his paper with chilling austerity—physical jerks for the staff every morning and at the weekly editorial brains-trust lunch no drink is served, not even wine. His editors and distinguished visitors eat a frugal meal from army dinkies.

Consideration

As the book itself makes clear once he arrived in Algeria the authorities bent over backwards in the consideration they showed him. There was no attempt to shrug him off into some harmless staff job where an eye could be kept on him; on the contrary he was given the opportunity of joining the "Black Commandos," whose job it is to live among the Moslems and win their confidence.

Servan-Schreiber's book opens a little too glibly with an incident which for him sums up a great deal of the self-defeating nature of the war. An unfeeling Moslem is shot down by a nervous soldier and in the general confusion a truck-load of Algerian labourers is attacked under the impression that they are fleeing terrorists.

The author's argument is that a great part of the army is being brutalised by its task in Algeria to a point at which a Fascist mentality is being incubated and that there is a great danger that this mentality will in the end infect Metropolitan France. There are, of course, other officers who are sickened by the role the army is called upon to play and whose constant efforts

by
SAM WHITE

to win the confidence of the Moslems are frustrated at every turn by the French settlers in Algeria and their powerful lobby in France.

When it comes to suggesting a convincing alternative to the Government's present policy Servan-Schreiber reveals the same tongue-tied inability to do so which has resulted in Mendes France's present political impotence.

He can suggest nothing more than good works and "treating the Algerian people as human beings and seeking contact with them in every possible way." This is precisely what the French Government is doing on an ever-increasing scale.

Theatricality

When the book was published in France, Servan-Schreiber said, with a touch of his usual theatricality, that he would not permit its publication abroad because he did not want it to be used as anti-French propaganda.

This makes it all the more remarkable that he should have seen fit in his last chapter to make an extremely ugly charge against the French army. The charge is that just before he was demobilised he was called to Algiers and there threatened that if he were not careful as to what he wrote about Algeria he would be framed on a charge of making money out of army brochures.

Knowing how humourless Servan-Schreiber is, a less sinister explanation comes to mind—he was having his leg pulled.

(London Express Service).

RECORDS by PETER BUCHAN

Who'd be Eric? I wouldn't

STANFORD ROBINSON, who is now unfortunately better known as Eric Robinson's brother than as Stanford Robinson the conductor, looked hungry. Before lunch he ate his way through a bowl of peanuts, half a bowl of cheese-flavoured pop-corn, moved on to an assortment of crispy biscuits, and topped it all off with half a dozen olives.

I warned him he would spoil his appetite.

"You can't," he said, "spoil the appetite of a permanent B.B.C. official. We're all supposed to spend our lives starving in garrets, aren't we?"

Then he ordered the rest of his lunch—smoked salmon, steak, two helpings of sweet, a slout (in that order), and coffee.

With it all tucked safely away he announced that he was willing to talk—even to discuss the relative merits of being himself or brother Eric.

"Eric," he said, "always seems to me to be an unhappy man. I never see him smile except on television.

"And all those panel games he does," said Stanford. "It makes me shudder to think of them."

He took another cup of coffee. "I wouldn't change places with him for the world. I don't even envy him—but everyone seems to think I ought to."

AN ADMISSION

STANFORD Robinson is prepared to admit, however, that occasionally he wishes Eric wasn't so well known.

"There was the time I had been judging at a music festival in the North—one of those affairs where you have to listen to a lot of women singing the same song over and over.

"At the end one of them came bustling up to me. I thought she was going to say how fair I had been, how nice it was to have me, and would I come again.

"But not at all. She just said: 'Ech, we do like your Eric on the telly.'"

If a count were made, I am certain it would show that Eric's TV and radio appearances were far fewer than Stanford's.

Why, then, the disparity in their fame?

Says Stanford: "Eric talks on television. The most people see

of me is waving a baton—and it's usually a back view at that."

Stanford Robinson is a scholarly-looking 53-year-old and not so bulky as Eric.

He joined the B.B.C. in 1924, which, he claims, entitles him to joke about it. He says he also gets almost as much freedom as he wants to take outside engagements.

"There is one big advantage over Eric. I'll get a pension. He won't."

Stanford Robinson's main interest at the B.B.C. has been opera. Even as a concert conductor one of the things that has brought him most praise is his arrangement of the Savoy Dances from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Now he has made a record of them (Fye CEM 36005, 45 r.p.m.). All are well known. Stanford Robinson makes them sound fresh and gay.

UNFORTUNATE

ANDOR FOLDES, German-American pianist who has just won the Grand Prix du Disque for his recording of Bartok's piano works, tells me he is going to turn conductor.

Why? Says Folds: "One day I thought to myself: 'A pianist's repertoire is so limited. Think of all the beautiful music you are missing.' It made me mad."

One of the last records on which Folds will play the piano is Beethoven's Choral Fantasy in C Minor Op. 80. It is not as well known in Britain as most Beethoven works. And as a show-piece for Folds it is rather unfortunate. It is used as the fourth side of a two-record album of the Beethoven Ninth (Choral) Symphony (Deutsche Grammophon DGM 18361-2 33 r.p.m.).

GETTING BETTER

WATCH the growing flood of records from film soundtracks. They get better, and one of the best is by a girl called Gogi Grant, who dubs Ann Blyth's songs in Both Ends of the Candle (RCA RD 27054, 33 r.p.m.).



When Nelson made George III stop talking AND THE FIRST LORD FELL FLAT ON HIS FACE

A PORTRAIT OF LORD NELSON. By Oliver Warner.
Chatto and Windus, 30s.

PAUSING before the well-stocked shelves of their local libraries, readers can be excused a sigh of repletion as they run their eyes along the books about Nelson. Biographies about him—rather like his own order of battle—seem to stretch in an unbroken line.

To add to them is courageous; but, as with Nelson, the crowning justification for courage is success. And Mr Oliver Warner does more than succeed—he triumphs.

He displays the whole Nelson—the admiral, the fighter, the popular hero, the husband and even the Norfolk Dumpling—turning his finished portrait this way and that, showing him off by a mastery of the materials and a shrewd selection from them.

Twin ardours—he tells us—burned in Nelson. One was for fame, the other for Lady Hamilton. When a young man he married Mrs Nesbit. His best friend, who was afterwards King William IV and no mean judge of gallantry, thought Nelson could not be in love.

Certainly Mrs Nelson, a dry and rather petulant lady, seems to have lacked both the nature and the art to rouse the passion which Nelson was to feel 20 years later for Lady Hamilton. My longing for you sets me on fire," he wrote to Lady Hamilton on starting for the Battle of Copenhagen. Four days later he wrote to his wife—"I desire to be left to myself."

His earliest biographer, writing under the affectionate eye of Lady Hamilton, remarked that he was fonder of the fair sex "than was quite consistent with the highest degree of Christian purity."

Mr Oliver Warner draws him "warts and all"—he uncovers a "dolly" (girl) on board with him in the Mediterranean in 1795—but we cannot really wish him otherwise. Because, as this book makes so sparklingly clear, the shadows across Nelson's character only enhance his golden qualities.

by ROGER
FULFORD

The affection and devotion he inspired in the Navy survived the disaster on "the Victory" and even run on to our own day.

And more than anything the scraps and trifles collected by the author seem to bring Nelson and his circle before us—his letter to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge asking for the ship's company; his order after the amputation of his arm that surgeons' instruments must always be kept warm when an action was pending; the letter from the intrepid St Vincent, "I shall come and bow to your stump tomorrow"; Sir William Hamilton lying below during a storm with two pistols held to his forehead, preferring death to what he called "the guggle guggle of salt water in my throat"; Lady Hamilton writing just before Trafalgar to tell him she had been to service in Canterbury cathedral and "the canons are so civil." When tidings of the Nile reach Lady Hamilton and the Queen of Naples they both faint with excitement, at the Admiralty the First Lord falls flat on his face and (most remarkable of all) George III actually stops talking for a few moments.

These may seem trifling gleams from a long vanished age, but they help to illumine the surroundings and reveal the character of an immortal Englishman.

(London Express Service).

RECORD by RAMSDEN
GREIG

Too old to rock at 30?

MR. LANG ISN'T PARTING WITH
HIS TOOL KIT, JUST IN CASE...

WE had got to that bit in the interview when I say casually: "And how old are you, old man?" Mr Don Lang, that fresh-faced, exuberant rock 'n' roller from the BBC's Six-Five Special, looked up from his lager and lime and said: "I wish you hadn't asked that question. I really don't think we should let the fans in on my age."



DON LANG
You're got to keep up
with the patter

"After all, they're only kids and they might not like it when they learn that the man who plays and sings their type of music could almost be their father."

Having gone elsewhere for the information, I can now report that this grand old man of rock 'n' roll is all of 30 years old.

"The kids," said Mr Lang, "like their rock to be delivered by other kids. That's why Tommy Steele, Wee Willie Harris and Terry Dene have it so good. The teens think that when you get out of your teens you automatically become a square."

Eccentric note

I helped the grand old man of rock down from the bar and we sat down to lunch.

An adolescent waitress almost spilling soup over Mr Lang's sharp blue suit and Slim Jim tie said: "Mr Lang, I want you to know that I dig you the most." There was a little note of ecstasy in her voice.

Mr Lang said: "Apart from trying to look young you've got to keep up with that kind of patter. What the lady meant was that she understands me implicitly."

In standard English Mr Lang went on: "I wouldn't like you to put me down as one of those overnight two-chord guitar-playing singing sensations. I'm in rock 'n' roll because the money's good. And I got a personal kick out of it."

It transpired that out of his blue suede shoes and sharp blue suit Don Lang is a serious jazz musician. Once voted Britain's second best trombone player, he has played with the Teddy Foster, Vic Lewis and Ken Mockintosh bands.

"But the money's in rock," said Mr Lang, who now runs his own band. Without so much as a pink blush, he added: "We call ourselves Don Lang and His Fantastic Five."

Ironically, it is Don Lang's voice and not his trombone which has lifted him into the big money that rolls around rock. His particular gimmick, is that he can sing at 300 words a minute.

Compensation

"Frankly," he said, "I don't think much of my voice. I wish the kids would pay more attention to my trombone."

He is amply compensated, however. In a good week this former Halifax electrician can take home £250 to his wife and one-year-old girl in their car. His particular gimmick, is that he can sing at 300 words a minute.

And when rock goes on the rocks? "I can always go back to the bands," said Don Lang. As an added insurance he still keeps his electrician's tool kit under the bed at Wimbledon.

Hear him on his latest disc for HMV, G-S Hand Jive (73). It is a run-of-the-mill rocker with a medium tempo.

HMV were sufficiently impressed by it to offer Mr Lang a two-year contract.

The offer has been accepted.

DISC BRIEFS

● Cinema orchestra pit musician, cafe musician, symphony orchestra musician and now the bright-eyed boy of the BBC when it comes to light music, Max Jaffa adds his way through 12 numbers in I'll See You In My Dreams (Conquest 88). As relaxing as a bottle of tranquillising pills, the record includes Tenderly, The Last Rose of Summer, You've Done Something To My Heart, and I'll See You In My Dreams.

● Love Me, Love Me, Love Me, as sung by the belding Tony Bennett (Phillips 78), sounds as if it is coming at you through a London fog. Mr Bennett must clear his throat before making his next record.

● Want a good weep, lady? Try Nat "King" Cole's Just One of Those Things (Capitol 38). A 12-track record, it is devoted exclusively to songs that tell of the end of a romance. Included in this collection: When Your Lover Has Gone, Who's Sorry Now? Don't Get Around Much Anymore, The Song Is Ended.

● If you must have Elvis Presley try Jail House Rock (RCA 45), which has the agitated vocalist singing five numbers, the best of which is Young and Beautiful.

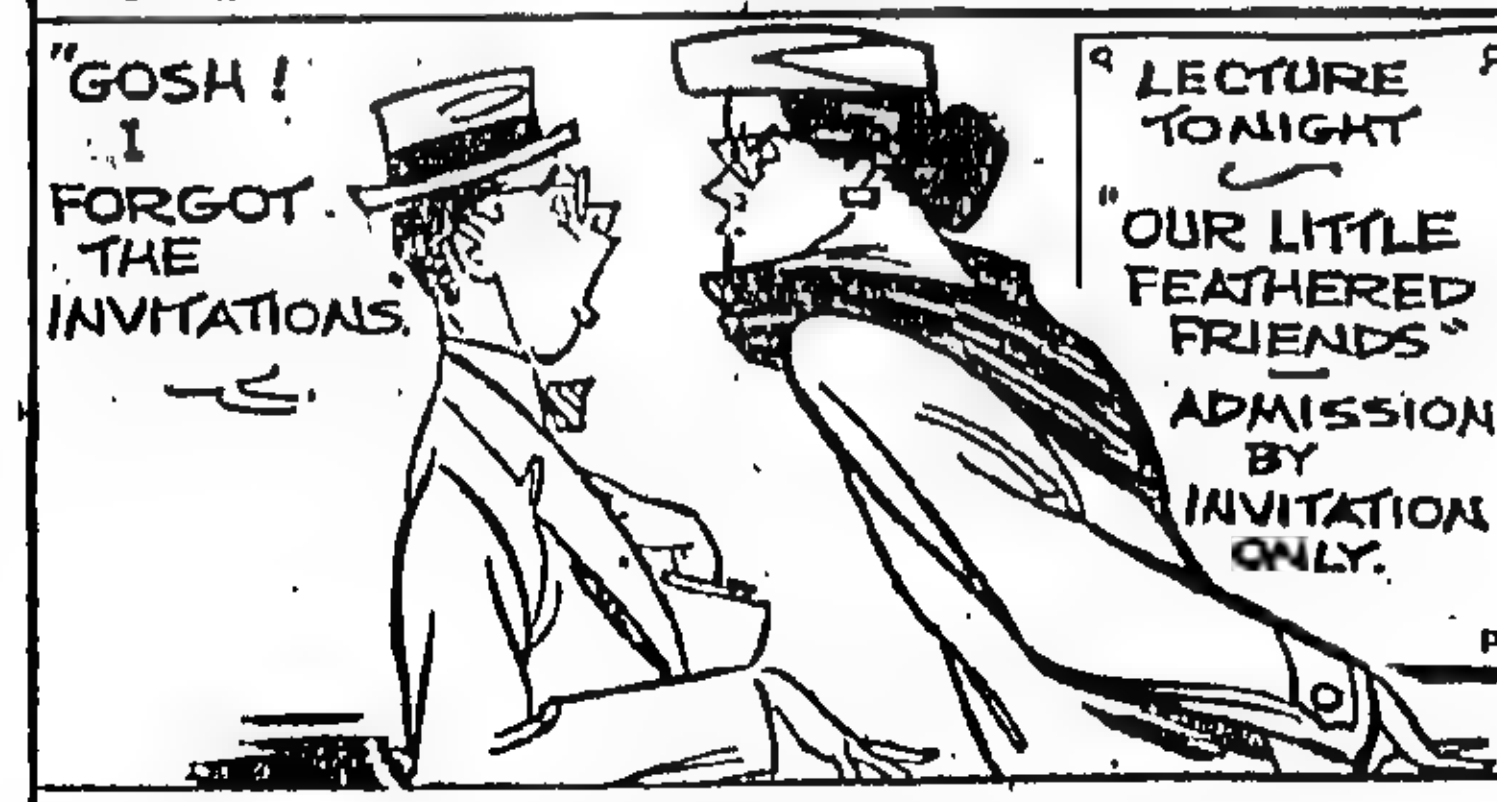
● One of the best recordings of Frankie and Johnny is to be found on Pearl Bailey (Parlophone 45).

(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



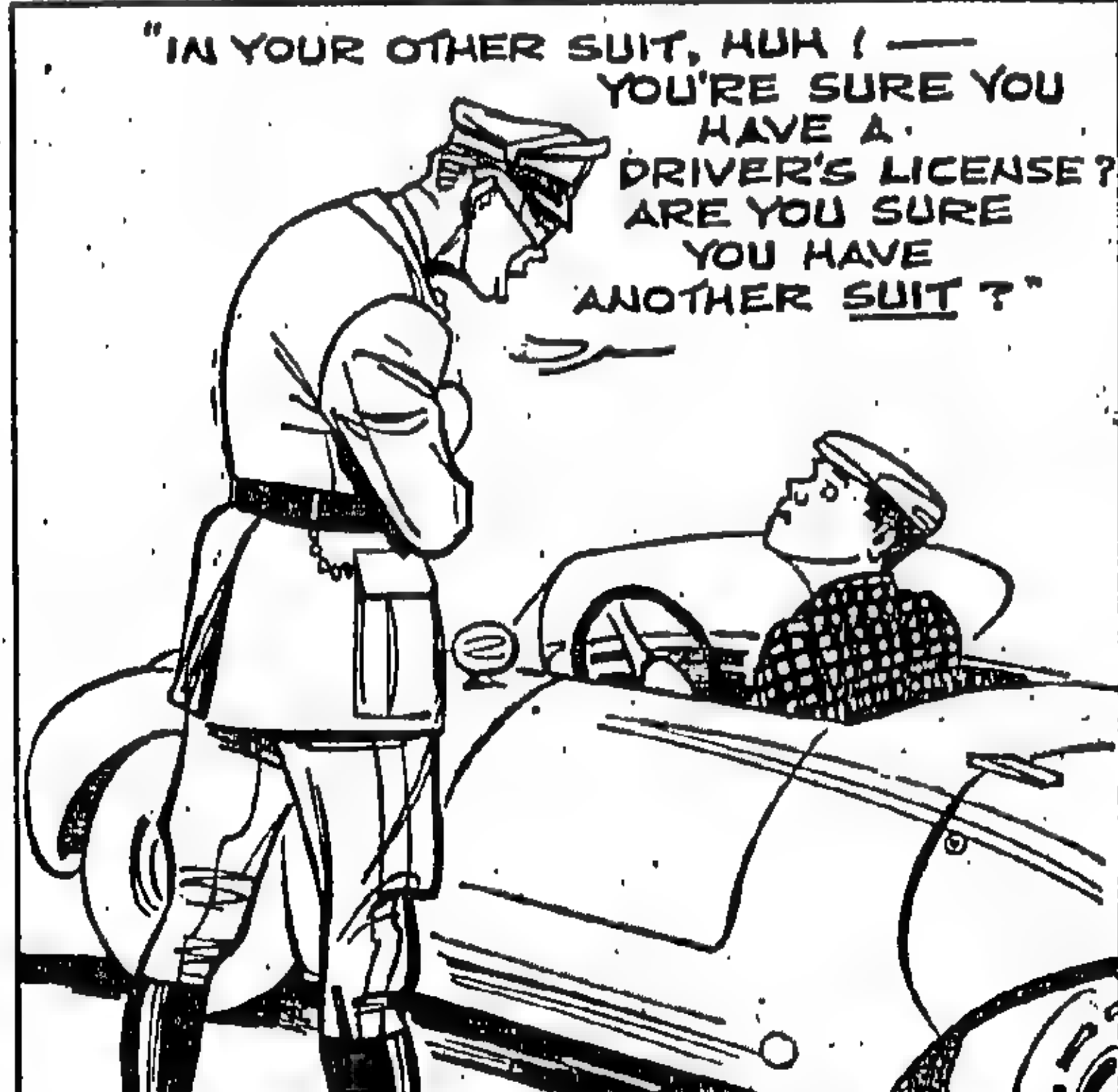
CURTAIN AND TEMPER GOING UP—AND THE THEATRE TICKETS ARE AT HOME—IN THE OTHER POCKET.



A CASE OF BEING SAVED BY THE OTHER POCKET.



THE CAREFUL CITIZEN WITH A SECRET POCKET AND NO MEMORY.



KEYS DON'T SCOOT FROM POCKET—IT ONLY SEEMS THAT WAY.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

'STARLIGHT'—THE NEW PROGRAMME FEATURING...

HONGKONG'S NIGHTCLUB VOCALISTS

Carmen Perina—Next Week's Featured Attraction

During the last few years many talented new vocalists have appeared in the nightclubs of Hongkong and established themselves as firm favourites with the public here.

Among the new programmes to be presented by Radio Hongkong next week will be "Starlight," a 15-minute programme of currently popular music sung by one of these local stars to the accompaniment of the Nick Demuth Quartet.

Each week a different professional nightclub vocalist will be introduced, and in the first the featured artist is Carmen Perina, who won fame as a top recording star in the Philippines before her debut in Hongkong as a nightclub vocalist.



Carmen Perina

Radio Hongkong hopes that by introducing this series, local entertainers will be encouraged to adopt their style to the medium of radio, and thus form a hard core of local professional talent for light entertainment. "Starlight" will be at 7.15 p.m. on Tuesdays.

Bert Gillett, well known to regular listeners as the man at the organ keyboard in "Box 200," brings back this programme after an absence of several months. It is now nine years since Bert first broadcast for Radio Hongkong, and the regular flow of letters to the famous box number is an indication of the popularity of his programme.

Talking About Music

Another new programme, "Talking About Music," is a magazine programme dealing with classical and serious music. The compilation and presentation of this programme is in the hands of Irene Yuen, well known in local music circles as a talented pianist.

In the first of these fortnightly programmes, at 6.30 p.m. on Mondays, Miss Yuen will introduce Dr. L. T. Ride, vice-chancellor of the HK University, Sylvia Bates the Honorary Secretary of the HK Music Society and Wolfgang Behrendt.

Programmes Discontinued

To make way for the new programmes, several current favourites will be broadcast for the last time in the coming week.

The serial adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's novel "The Red Gauntlet" comes to an end, so too does the Hector Chauvin programme organ music, "Quiet Listening."

The BBC variety programme "Take It From Here" ends its present series after a long and successful run.

HK Philharmonic Orchestra

The Hongkong Philharmonic Orchestra may be heard over Radio Hongkong at 7.30 p.m. on Friday.

This programme will consist of recorded excerpts from the orchestra's concert at the Loko Yow Hall next Wednesday.

The programme will include the Greig Concerto in A Minor, played by pianist Irene Yuen.

The HK Philharmonic Orchestra was formed in 1937 when the orchestra broke away from the Sino-British Club and formed itself into the present organisation.

The orchestra has accompanied violinist Lora and Vito and also performed an Oratorio with the Hongkong Oratorio Society.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 900 kilocycles per second.)

Today's

7.00 P.M. THE SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS, REEL.
7.15 THE NEWS.
7.30 THE NEWS.
7.45 THE NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15

6.30 P.M. THE GOON SHOW.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.15 THE NEWS.
7.30 THE NEWS.

7.45 THE NEWS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
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SUNDAY, MARCH 16

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WARRIORS MEET P.I. DODGERS

ALL CHAMPIONS



An exhibition of ice skating was held recently at Queensway, London. Here are some of the stars present at the exhibition. From left are June Markham of Great Britain, World Ice Dance Champion; Carol Heise of the USA, World's Women's Ice Skating Champion; Carol Wanek of the USA, American Junior Champion, and Ina Bauer of Germany, West German Champion.—Express Photo.

Sorry! We Will Beat United

Says JOHNNY HAYNES

Four months ago I walked off the Wembley pitch asking myself: "How does anyone beat a goalkeeper of Harry Gregg's class?" Ireland had just beaten England 3-2. Gregg had left me and the rest of the England forwards frustrated with a string of world-ranking saves.

Now I am asking myself the question again—how to beat Gregg. We at Fulham have to find the answer if we hope to beat Manchester United in the Cup semi-final at Villa Park on March 22.

Toughest Task

I regard this game as my toughest task in two seasons as captain of Fulham.

Any normal semi-final is tough. But this one isn't normal.

All the sporting world—bar their opponents—are willing to Wembley and fresh glories. Only Fulham now stand between them and their goal.

But we are determined to smash the Cup hopes of Manchester United—to become the villains of Villa Park, even though we risk the title "most hated club in soccer" for doing it.

I am among the great admirers of United—the old and the new. I cheered when I heard they had beaten West Bromwich on Wednesday.

But now I shall steel my heart, and when I lead the boys out at Villa Park a fortnight tomorrow my game will be

dictated from the head and not the heart. And I assure you the approach of every Fulham player will be the same. People have been saying that Jimmy Murphy's boys have got through their fifth and sixth-round ties against opponents who felt too embarrassed to go out against the new and inexperienced United.

I have even heard it suggested that, to prevent any possible embarrassment to opponents, United should have withdrawn from the FA Cup after the Munich disaster.

Nonsense!

What nonsense! Every player in every team is brooding his heart to get to Wembley and not one would dream of pulling out of a "tackle on sentimental grounds."

I can tell Manchester United that Fulham will pull no punches. I am sure Sheffield Wednesday and West Bromwich Albion didn't either.

Yes, we know it's going to be tough. But general manager Frank Osborne says: "It's the best Fulham side for spirit and skill since I first joined the club in 1921." Anybody arguing?

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Two Exhibition Softball Games This Weekend

By "TIME OUT"

Two exhibition softball matches and five League games are down for decision this weekend with the spotlight centred on the first meeting of the Pennant-conscious Warriors and the unpredictable P.I. Dodgers scheduled for 3.30 p.m. tomorrow.

The curtain rises on a Junior League game at 2.00 p.m. today when the Hongkong University team crosses bats with the servicemen, Dave Cooper's Austers. The undergraduates licked the Austers by 23 runs to 10 in an earlier meeting and are favoured to repeat. This will, incidentally, be skipper Cooper's last game in the minor division as he is turning over the team to a yet-to-be-named deputy while "Coop" himself graduates to Senior softball next season. There is a desperate need for a suitable coach for the Austers. Any offers, ex-softballers?

The next game, at 3.30 p.m., features the Non-Chinese Ladies against the Taiwan girls' team, and once again the local ladies will be trying for the honour of being the first to lower the visitors' colours.

Tao Kau, on the other hand, will be out for a hat trick. Coaches Dickie Chaves and Stephen Xavier have selected a formidable side made up mostly of the potential 1957/58 Ladies Champions, the Hurricanes, plus support from the University's Frances de Silva, Ena Remedios and Maurice Djeng.

Automatic Choice

The automatic choice for pitching chores is Evelyn Alonzo, who tossed the Portuguese girls to victory in the International final. But who will be given the assignment behind the plate? Mira Caidas is not yet fully recovered from the injury sustained recently during the course of a League game and "Dinga" Ozorio appears to be the only other catcher available.

"Dinga" is normally a short-stop and giving her a responsible duty such as catching will upset the harmony of the infield. Coaches Chaves and Xavier will select the remaining untried positions from "Popeye" Ozorio, Carmen Mattos, Mira Cruz, Pat Ewins, Alice Delgado, Gertrude Souza and Betty Chaves.

The team has plenty of batting strength and if Alonzo pitches true to form Tao Kau will not have everything their way.

The Taiwan girls failed to impress in their first two games. Slipshod fielding by both Hong Kong teams opened the door to the scoring of quite a few unearned runs. The strength of the Taiwan team lies in their pitching. The fact that our girls are not quite used to a 60-ft. diamond also has much to do with their defeats. The nod goes to the non-Chinese squad to upset Taiwan by virtue of steadier fielding, both sides being on the same level where power at the plate is concerned.

Tomorrow's Games

Tomorrow's proceedings get going with two games at 10.00 a.m. On the "A" field, the Hongkong University complete the tail-end of a double-header when they come up against the Dodgers. The latter are one victory up on their opponents—a walkover issued by the U. lates.

Although on current form the Philippines should cakewalk this

game, the University must be conceded an outside chance to complete their League fixtures with a flourish by upsetting all calculations—an achievement that will depend on how the U's batters react to the wild pitching of Dodger hurler Robert Deppa, who has gained a reputation for being overly generous with free tickets to first base. An interesting game indeed.

Simultaneously at the other end of the field the CAA Ladies will be out to make quick work of the luckless Overseas. In two games of 5-inning duration each the latter have given up 46 runs to the Athletics' 6. With Olive Yuen, the diminutive CAA pitching star, in top form, the Overseas are in for another thrashing.

Immediately afterwards a different standard of softball will be witnessed as the Tao Kau team from Taiwan winds up the series against Hongkong with an exhibition game against the reigning champions, South China.

The champs' pitching ace, "Peanut" Yim, had the visitors handcuffed for the major part of the opening game between Tao Kau and All-Hongkong, but received poor fielding support.

Liable To Errors

Tao Kau have shown that they are liable to make fielding errors if the bunt strategy is employed against them. If South China can concentrate on hit-and-run tactics, they may yet upset the Taiwan islanders. The visitors hold the edge in batting, and with Yim currently in grand form there shouldn't be more than a couple of runs separating the two teams at the end of the seventh. On form alone the Taiwan ladies should win.

Two Senior games have been arranged for the afternoon. At 1.45 p.m. the girls from the "Floyd's Bay," the U.S. Navy's station ship here, will show fans just how much life they can put into a game. The garrulous sailors are well known for their chatter and banter. As for the serious side of softball, their enthusiasm outshines their playing ability.

However, they come up against easy opposition in the form of David Lo's cellar-dwelling South China team. The winner? Well, your guess is probably as good as mine. Both sides are weak all round, so it could go either way.

The long-awaited clash between Al Oliveira's Warriors and Fred Diesta's P.I. Dodgers takes place at 3.30 p.m. immediately after this game. Those fans who lingered on to watch

last week's battle between the Warriors and Saints were well rewarded for their efforts and if they choose to stay on again they will most assuredly get their quota of thrills.

The Pennant race narrows down to the Saints and the Warriors, each with one loss, but the Dodgers can throw a monkey wrench into the works by upsetting the tribe.

It will be strictly a pitching duel between two of the best hurlers in Senior Division softball today—Gordon Wong of the Warriors, one of the favourites for the Most Valuable Player title this year and Vic "Muscle-Man" Pedruco of the Dodgers.

No Indication

Pedruco gave up 9 hits to CAA last week, but this is no indication of his prowess on the field. Against top-class opposition Pedruco always gives a good show whereas Wong continues to show consistent form.

Man for man—the Warriors are more than a match for the Dodgers. The big difference is that whereas the former must win this game to stay in the running for the title, the Dodgers are out of the Pennant race completely and can afford to take things easy, which makes for a lack of tension all-round in the Dodger line-up. The same cannot be said of the Warriors.

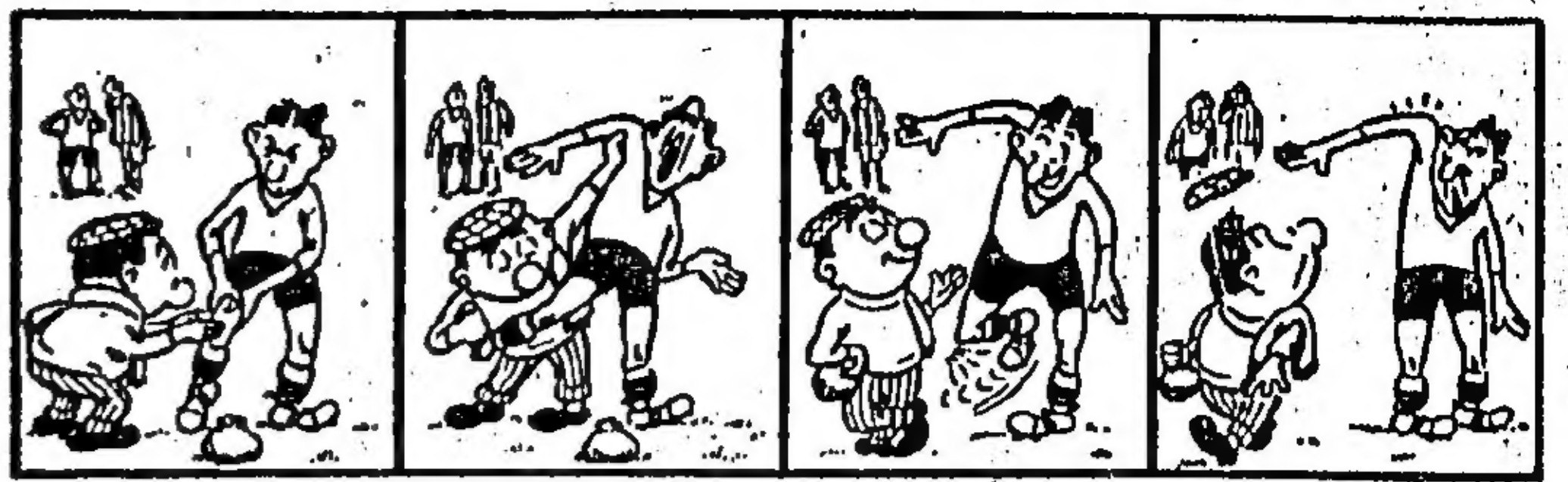
If "Goose" Wong reproduces the form he showed against the Saints, the Warriors should account for Diesta's boys—since they hold a definite edge in the batting department, but the margin of victory will be a couple of runs, only.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Richie Benaud.
2. Joe McNamee of Scotland.
3. Aston Villa 2, Manchester United 1.
4. Each holds the record number of caps for his respective country.
5. Miss Maud Watson.
6. Table Tennis.
7. 400 Metres Hurdles.
8. "Bobo" Olson.
9. The late John Cobb, 1947.
10. Sir Gordon Richards.

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



THREE FINE REFEREES ARE DUE FOR SHELVEING AT THE END OF APRIL

By ARCHIE QUICK

Alf Bond, a one-armed Fulham news agent, reached the top of his other profession, football refereeing, when he was appointed to the Wembley Cup Final of 1956. Such are the rules of the Football League that Mr Bond should normally have been retired from active refereeing the day after that honour—season's end—because he had reached the age limit of forty-three.

That rule still stands, but in the case of Alf Bond, and with him Tom Coultas and Mervyn Griffiths, the League extended their time limit by one year, and did so again at the beginning of this season. Nevertheless, these three fine officials, the best in the land, are due for shelving at the end of this April. Whether they get a third extension lies in the lap of the gods.

How can League football afford to lose their sterling services with so few top class men coming along? The League is fully aware that by retiring this trio—and others with them now—they will be lowering the standard of refereeing, but their hand is being forced by the Referees' Association itself. The feeling is that unless some is made at the top there will be no promotion from the lower grades for men who have waited years to reach the League list.

It is a dilemma which, as I see it, can only be overcome by increasing the numerical strength of the League list. That would mean fewer matches for every individual, and first class men being idle on Saturday afternoons or officiating at minor matches. There cannot be a lot of argument against that, for it would do the minor Leagues good to have the experience of first grade referees controlling their matches.

A Good Innings

Mr Bond is not unduly worried. He has had a good innings, and now that his news-agent's business is managed by his son he is free and willing to go to South America for a couple of years and referee in Brazil. He has had the offer and will accept it if the League retires him. At the moment he goes over to Eire fairly frequently and referees there. "There is good money to be made in South America," he told me, "and I am very fit for 45. I train regularly with the Fulham players. At the same time, I cannot see how the League can afford to lose several No. 1 class men at once. I am mentioning that as a policy and not about myself personally. There will be a clear out of about half a dozen of us if the rule is adhered to."

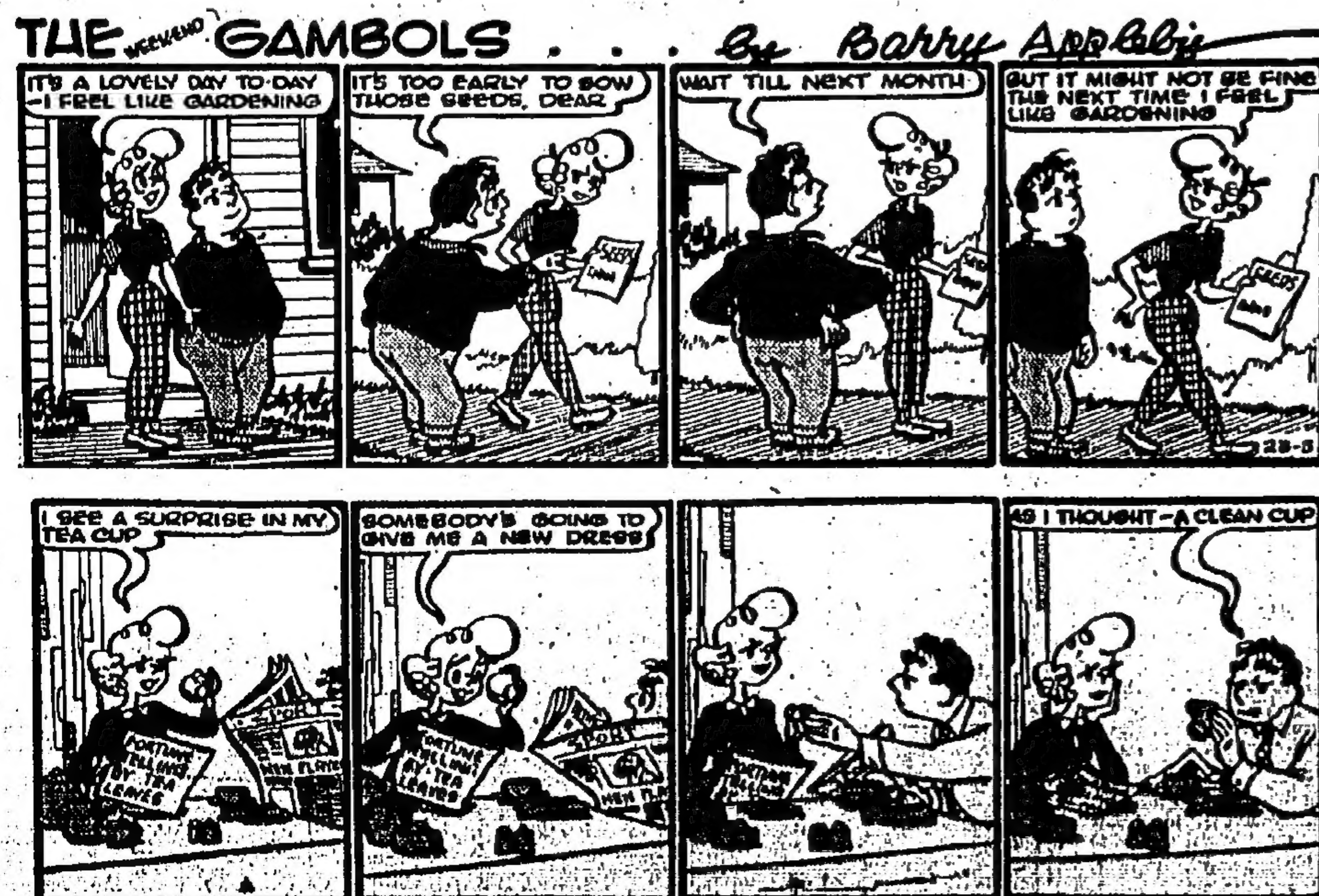
Some few years ago I was talking to ex-heavyweight champion Jack London in a tavern off London's Marylebone High Street. This big man with the face and figure of a Smithfield Market meat porter had just used his experience to out-point a fourth rate performer over ten rounds at the local baths. He found it almost too much for him, and it was destined to be the last fight of a long and arduous ring career. The man born Jack Harper in West Hartlepool told me something of the struggle he had had to raise a family on poor purses and that then after it had been little or nothing in the bank. His wife who was with him told me that the money for that night's fight was a mere pittance, but she spoke admiringly of the pugilist who was her husband. "His first thought is to get good food for me and the two boys," she said, and I shall always remember Jack chiming in with "Yes, Jack and Brian must be fed for one of them is going to take my place as champion one day." The boxer drank up and went out into the night and I felt sorry

for him and his real life story of the cruel boxing ring. Now "the boys" have grown up, and Jack's words are close to a true prophecy. Young Brian has since completed his National Service, has won the ASA National Championship, worked his apprenticeship in the paid ranks and is now poised one step away from the professional championship which was once his father's. Only Joe Everslie stands between him and his goal, and I would say that Brian's steel-cold ambition and "killer" instinct will give him the title before the summer is out.

A Good Draw

Brian justified his father's faith in him when he held the brilliant American Willie Pastrano—ranked world No. 4—to the closest of points decisions at Haringey after everybody had said he was due for a hiding. Many thought he had won, some said it was a good draw, but whatever the result London covered himself with glory and the smile on old Jack's face was good to see.

Brian's display was the most intelligent by a British heavyweight knock-out while he never stopped going forward and Pastrano was never allowed to settle and show the skill which gave Dick Richardson a boxing lesson. The only stain on London's record is the one on London's record is the one suffered from Henry Cooper, and a "must" on his future itinerary is to avenge that humiliation. Young Brian, outside puncher, has gone on record as saying: "Anyone who says he likes fighting must be daft. I am in it strictly for the money and when I have made enough for my family's future I shall retire." That is the thought he takes into the ring with him, and it spurs him to ignore the idea of defeat.



WELSH BELGIAN

M. T. R. Bowen, the Haverfordwest and Pembrokehire prop forward who missed a Rugby Blue at Oxford through injury, is the first Welshman to become a Belgian rugby international. Employed by an oil company near Antwerp, he has been playing for a local side and represented Belgium against humans. He also played for Welsh Secondary Schools as a cricketer.

